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AUTHOR:

HORACE

TITLE:

HORACE: QUINTUS
HORATIUS FLACCUS ...

PLACE:

WOODSTOCK, VT.

DATE:

1908

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Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus ... the
Roman poet presented to modern readers: ed. by
Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana.
Woodstock, Vt., The Elm tree press, 1908.

liv, 150 p. front., plates, ports., map.
23 $\frac{1}{2}$ cm.

"Of this book there have been printed for
Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana five
hundred copies, at the Elm tree press, Wood-
stock, Vermont, in March, nineteen hundred and
eight. No. 291."

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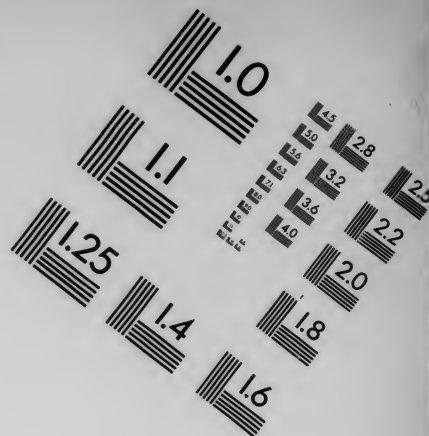
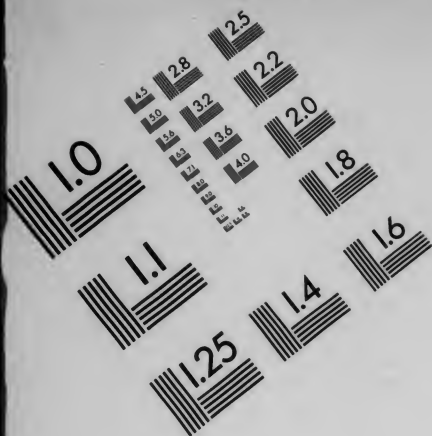


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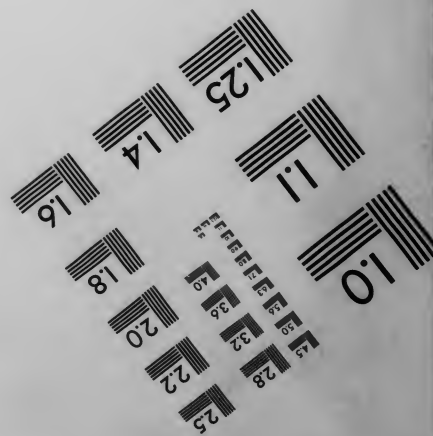
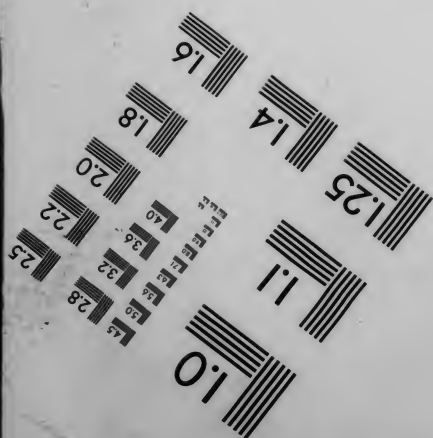
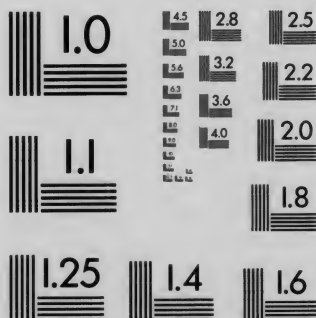
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HORACE



FOR MODERN READERS

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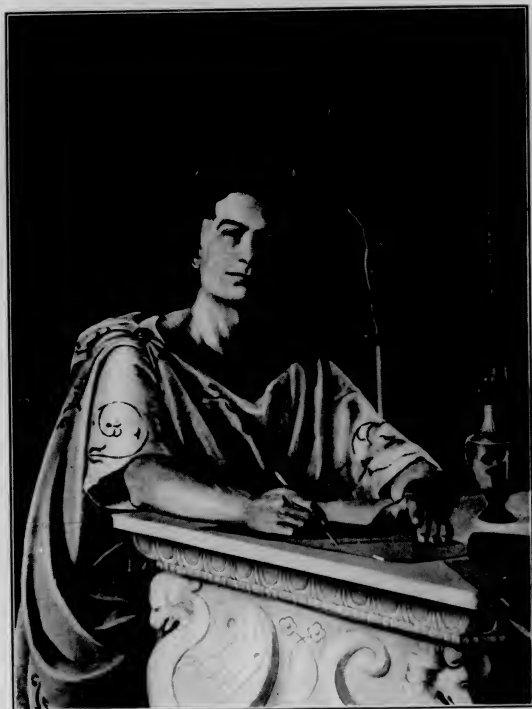
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PORTRAIT OF HORACE
FROM A PAINTING IN VENOSA

Horace : Quintus Horatius Flaccus

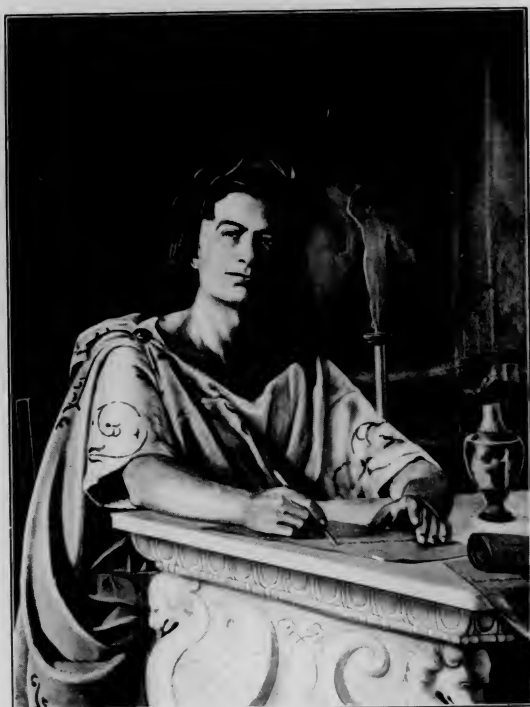
"Crescam laude recens"

The Roman Poet Presented
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Edited by
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The Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vt.
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Published March 25, 1908

*Of this book there have been printed for Charles Loomis
Dana and John Cotton Dana five hundred copies, at
The Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, in March,
nineteen hundred and eight.*

No. 324

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PORTRAIT OF HORACE BY RAPHAEL
 DETAIL FROM THE PARNASSUS

INTRODUCTION

It may seem that the last word has been said about Horace; that criticisms, appreciations and translations have been issued until the capacity to interpret the poet in any new way is exhausted. We have ventured, however, to assume that this is not the case. For, after all, books about Horace and editions of his works have been largely for school-boys or the learned. The collected and selected translations are in great part of ancient date; while the best translations of Horace have been made in quite recent years. But aside from this, we are trying to present the Latin poet in a somewhat different manner from that which has heretofore been followed.

Most of the translations of Horace contain only his Odes, whereas his most human and interesting work is in his Epistles and Satires; and we have drawn quite largely upon this portion of his writings. The translations of the Odes have usually been complete, that is to say, they have included every poem. This is very proper; but the resulting books do not make attractive reading and not always good literature; for some of Horace's Odes are on trivial themes, or concern men and things that do not in the least interest us now. Their merit lies entirely in their form, in the author's art; to transfer this form to another language is quite impossible. We have selected, therefore, only about half of the Odes, and have tried to choose those which are on themes of general interest, or which show especially Horace's fine poetic skill, his descriptive power, his poetic fervor, his endless ingenuity in presenting his philosophy of life. We add, also, some of the songs to Venus and to certain fair young women of Rome.

It is not easy to find pleasure in Horace without knowing



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It is not easy to find pleasure in Horace without knowing

something of his times, his mode of life, his friends, his love affairs and even of his religion.

Horace wrote poetry during a period of over thirty years, from the time he was twenty-three until his death at fifty-seven; (B. C. 42 to B. C. 8). He spent most of his life, it is true, very quietly at Rome or in the country near by. But for Rome herself these were stirring times. And he wrote poetry mainly upon occasions; as called for by some slight event in his personal career or some more important event in the history of his country. He wrote to celebrate victories; to stir his countrymen to higher ideals; to praise his emperor and patrons; to advise and cheer his friends; to invite, extol or reproach his so-called mistresses. If one does not know something of these occasions and of the persons he refers to, many of the poems affect one but little more than does a sum in arithmetic.

One can take the very best translations of the Odes, Martin's or Conington's for example, or the best collection of translations, and can read them through with but little feeling, simply because there is no atmosphere furnished for them. They stand out against no background of knowledge. The most important of emotional elements, recognition, is entirely lacking if one reads them without knowing Roman life in Horace's day. We have tried to furnish a little of this atmosphere.

In some eighteenth century translations of Horace, those by Francis and Davidson for example, this same plan was attempted. Each Ode was introduced by a rather pompous description of its merits; was followed by an analysis of the story, and surrounded by ample margins of notes and discussions. Davidson's translation, published in 1711, "for the use of students and gentlemen," is particularly interesting as a type of the eighteenth century method of presenting Horace. It is, indeed, so naive that we have prefixed parts of his comments to a few of the Odes. Later translators have also done a little of this work; but most editions of Horace are accompanied with a repellent mass of grammatical and technical criticism.



PIAZZA ORAZIO IN VENOSA

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PIAZZA ORAZIO IN VENOSA

We must leave our readers to judge whether we have succeeded in helping to make them receptive to Horace's lyrics.

We have a very firm conviction that no one man can translate all of Horace effectively. Each poem requires special study and a peculiar inspiration to give to its English rendering any of the art and spirit of the original. For the average reader, therefore, for one, that is, who is looking chiefly for the pleasure of poetry, a collection of translations by different writers is the best. One also gets in this way a touch of the genius of many of the best English poets, for a large number of them have tried their skill on Horace.

Most of the older translations were stilted and lifeless or even silly. The collections of Brome and Hawkins and Francis contain very little poetry. The only successful translators among the earlier men were Milton, Cowley, Dryden and Jonson, and later Cowper, who translated, however, but few pieces. Cowley and Dryden turned Horace into good seventeenth century poetry; but their versions have little of the Roman flavor. Casual efforts have been made by such men as Barry Cornwall, Allan Ramsay, Addison, Pope, Samuel Johnson and Byron; but none was often successful.

The best translations have been made within the last half century, and, with due respect to such others as Howes, Conington and Clark, we place De Vere and Theodore Martin among the first. Indeed, a very satisfactory English version of all of Horace could be made from Martin and De Vere, a few casual writers, and a few of the earlier English poets.

It is rather strange that America has contributed so little to the translation or appreciation of our poet. Dr. John Ordronaux has been by far the most successful, but his published work is small. We do not forget the ingenious and painstaking contributions of Clarence Cary or that of Mr. Sargent, or the "Echoes from the Sabine Farm" by the two Fields. In the eighteenth century translations without much merit were made by John Park and Rev. John Adams. Aside from these, the

work of American translators has been little more than casual.

While the Satires and Letters are the more humorous and interesting documents of Horace, much of them cannot be understood without considerable knowledge of the times when they were written. We have taken only those parts, and they are not few, which contain accounts of Horace and his affairs, and we have for the first time made a collection of his stories.

The Poems selected have been arranged in six groups. The first includes Poems of Patriotism and of Praises of his Emperor; the second, Poems which may be called Moralities, as they portray his philosophy and his views on the conduct of life; the third, Poems largely Personal, including incidents in the Poet's life and that of his friends, the celebration of his own fame, his praise of the Muses and of his Lyre; the fourth, Love Songs and Odes to his Mistresses; the fifth, Invocations to Bacchus and kindred poems; the sixth, Stories.

No attempt is made here to give an exposition of the genius of Horace; and we do not profess erudition in Latin or in the technicalities of verse. Competent appreciations of the character and work of Horace are numerous and accessible, and Martin is his greatest prophet. It is desirable, however, to emphasize the point that besides his lighter qualities Horace had a seriousness of purpose and a moral earnestness which, when he allowed them really to stir his poetic genius, caused him to write his noblest and most moving pieces. He was not simply a finished writer of songs; he believed in his art and thought he was a consecrated Priest of the Muses. He wrote sometimes in a vein of eloquence and sublimity, and produced at least half a dozen Odes which ought to be classed among the finest pieces of antiquity. This view, that Horace's real genius lay in his longer and more serious pieces, is reluctantly admitted by Maclean and is particularly emphasized by De Vere. Few can read the Latin well enough to appreciate this phase of the poet, and unfortunately no translator until very recently appeared

who would make it clear to the English reader, though Dryden, Roscommon, Martin and a few others gave some glimpses of it. It is our conviction that a translator has appeared, however, who has done for Horace almost what Fitzgerald did for Omar Khayyam. He has taken the great Odes of the third book and put them into English poetry which is lofty, eloquent and inspiring. He has either caught the real Horatian fire or has from Horace's torch kindled as great a one in his own breast. This translator, whose work we believe has not been justly appreciated, is the late Sir Stephen De Vere. Milton, Dryden, and Cowper did minor poems well; but De Vere took Horace's really great poems and gave of them noble English versions, versions which one can appreciate though one has little knowledge of their setting. We would claim the merit in this work of bringing the attention of the public to the striking poetic talent of De Vere. It should put him with Horace among the poets of all time. Of him it can be said,

*"Dis amicum,
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum
Vatis Horati."*

Expert in the measure of the poet Horace,
He has sung a song pleasing to the gods.

A feature of Horace's talent which has been emphasized by De Vere is his descriptive skill. No poem shows this perhaps as well as his famous "Beatus ille", Epode II, one of the few Odes easy to read and appreciate in the original. A descriptive passage, in Ode II, 3, has proved to some that Horace was a real poet:

"Where the high pine, and poplar silver-lined
With branches interlaced have made
A hospitable shade,
And where by curving bank and hollow bay
The tremulous waters work their silent way."

—De Vere.

Of Horace's most famous characteristic, his "*felicitas curiosa*," his power to fit the aptest words to things, there is no need to speak. Many of his sayings have become parts of everyday speech. We have appended to the translations some of the happy phrases that occur in the Latin text. Many of his best things in this field are in the Letters and Satires.

Prof. Conington thinks that Horace's writings have the quality of Eighteenth Century literature: thinness of thought and elegance of expression. From this we dissent. The Roman of the time of Augustus must have found him a writer of sweet songs, of noble hymns and of light and casual pieces, with an occasional coarse, vindictive note; of Letters which are clever and amusing; of Satires and stories which entertained by their wit and wisdom and fine turns of expression; and, on the whole, a laughing, goodnatured, unconventional philosopher, illuminating everyday affairs with the poet's fire, occasionally rising to a pitch of fiery earnestness and eloquence. We do not know of any eighteenth century writer who at all approaches him in these fields and we feel sure that Horace's book is much more in touch with the twentieth century spirit than with that of one hundred and fifty years ago. We may not today care quite so much for literary form as they did in 1750; but the human quality and the practical philosophy, the lightness of touch, the so-called persiflage, and the fondness for looking at the humorous side of things, all belong to Horace, and all suit the present day. Even the Fields got more of an "Echo from the Sabine Farm" than did Pope, or Addison, or the pedants who contributed so much to Brome and Roscommon.

Conington thinks the translator of Horace should first of all get as near as possible to his form of versification. Taking this point of view Conington has himself made translations that are correct and scholarly, but almost entirely spiritless and uninteresting, except to special students of Horace and of the art of poetic construction.

We have chosen translations which have dealt with the original

in all possible ways. The method used was, first, to select an Ode that has some special merit in subject or treatment; then, to find a translation which seems interesting and vivid, and is, if fortune permits, genuine poetry. We have not disdained to use paraphrases or even parodies. Father Prout, Eugene Field, Mr. Way have made versions shocking to the purist; but surely Horace would have liked them. He could be flippant himself at times; and he did not like pedantry. He was exacting only about his art. We have tried to select translations which have the merit of saying things effectively, of having some value even if they are not precisely Roman.

The sketch of the life of Horace which follows is based on a study of the medical side of Horace published in Volume II of the Charaka Club. It naturally therefore lays rather special emphasis on the valetudinarian phase of the poet's personality.

The editors are indebted to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to publish several translations by Eugene and Roswell Field from "Echoes from the Sabine Farm." We also must express our obligations to Mr. T. Rutherford Clark and Dr. John Ordronaux for permission to use some of their excellent translations. We wish we could learn the name of the writer who signs himself T. H. W. and give him credit for his most admirable work. We have used some of Conington's translations and many of De Vere's with the permission of George Bell & Sons, and many of Martin's with the permission of Blackwood & Sons.

The illustrations of Venusium, the birthplace of Horace, have been furnished us by a local artist, Signor Gatti, who is responsible for the statement that we have a photograph of the house in which Horace was born.

This concludes our account of what we have tried to accomplish in making this addition to the editions of the Latin poet.

Horace has long been a most interesting figure in literature. It is our hope that we have so presented him that modern readers can understand his character and environment, and that

xviii *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

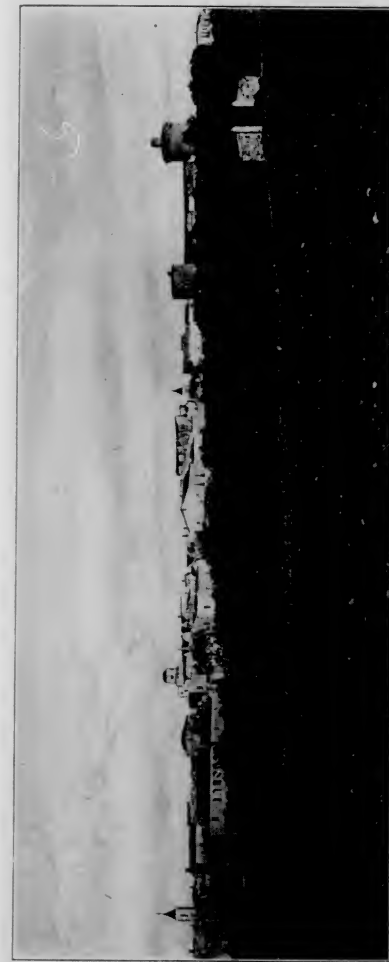
this edition will, even in this practical century, prove a pleasant companion to many who are jaded with the excitements of modernity. So, as Horace said to his own book:

"Fuge, quo descendere gestis."

Away with you to the public you long for.

C. L. D.

New York, August, 1907.



VENUSIA, THE VENUSIUM OF HORACE'S DAY AND HIS NATIVE CITY

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VENOSA, THE VENUSIUM OF HORACE'S DAY AND HIS NATIVE CITY

TO
QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

To Q. H. F. the idle band
Of Poetasters oft has planned
Tributes of praise, and penned them, too—
For love of verse that keeps its hue,
Though dead its language and its land.
True, Pegasus has never fanned
The ether at the bard's command;
But, ah! how eagerly he flew
To Q. H. F!

Not over-sweet or over-grand
Your poems, Horace, hence you stand
Firm in the hearts of men; and few
Have gained a place as clearly due,
Since death with unrelenting hand
Took you, H. F.
—*Anon.*

THE LIFE AND THE INVALIDISM OF HORACE

The poet Horace was born, B. C. 65, at Venusium, a small town in eastern Italy near the Adriatic. The town still exists as the modern Venosa, and a statue of Horace adorns its market place. The inhabitants point out with pride the house in which the poet was born, and also show near by Mt. Vulture, on which he was lost when a boy. Tradition relates that, tired out from his wanderings, he fell asleep and that by direction of the Muses the birds covered him with leaves and thus saved him from the wild beasts.

Horace's father was a freedman, an auctioneer by occupation. Being proud of his son and wishing to advance him in life he sent him to Rome to school.

At the age of twenty Horace went to Athens for a university education. About this time Julius Caesar was assassinated and Horace joined the army gathered by Brutus and Cassius to fight against the triumvirate-friends of the dead Caesar. The army was defeated and their cause lost at the battle of Philippi.

Returning to Rome, at the age of twenty-two, B. C. 43, Horace began to write his Satires and Epodes. He secured a clerkship under the government, gained the favor of Maecenas, became a popular poet, and led the merry life of the time.

When about thirty Maecenas gave him a farm in the Sabine country, thirty miles from Rome and about twelve from Tibur, now Tivoli. He spent most of his time in this place and the city, occasionally going to the baths at Baiae, or visiting his friends in Praenestum, Tarentum and other suburban towns.

Thus Horace lived uneventfully for about thirty years, writing



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poetry and looking after his friends, his farm and his health. As he did not like the sea, he never left Italy after his return from the war.

Horace was short in stature, and had a dark complexion, a low brow and black hair. He was quick tempered, and although he had originally a good constitution, he became in later life a confirmed dyspeptic. At the age of forty-five he wrote to Maecenas:

But if you'd have me always by your side,
Then give me back the chest deep-breathed and wide,
The low brow clustered with its locks of black,
The flow of talk, the ready laugh give back,
The woes blabbed o'er our wine, when Cinara chose
To tease me, cruel flirt—ah, happy woes!

Traveling to Brundisium with two friends they one day stopped at an inn. When dinner was served Horace could not eat it "because", as he says in his story of the journey, "the water was bad." "Declaring war against his appetite", he sat watching his companions with much vexation. He was so fastidious in his taste that he could not bear to have others like what he did not,—a trait characteristic of persons with weak stomachs and sensitive nerves.

At twenty-nine he describes his life as very regular and simple. In the evening he takes a walk about town, then goes home to a supper of vegetables, leeks and pulse, and fritters. He goes to bed early, and, waking in the morning, lies there reading and writing till the fourth hour (10 A. M.). Then he goes for a walk or to the baths, eats a light lunch and returns to take his ease at home. This simple life was due perhaps in part to his poverty; but even at that age he avoided hard exercise, and when in his stroll he is met by a friend who asks how he is, gives the answer of one not in buoyant health: "Suaviter, ut nunc est." (Fairly well, as times go). Sat. I, 9. To be sure, he is having dinners with the rich and has learned what luxurious living is; has composed warm lyrics to Lalage, Neaera,

Pyrrha, Lyce and Phryne; and has sung of the enjoyment of life,—also and ever of the folly of excess. Some idea of what might be served at such a Roman banquet as we may suppose he often attended in these days is given by Horace, in Satire II, 8, where he describes an imaginary dinner party given by a certain Nasidienus, a man remarkable for his wealth, his ostentation and vulgarity. We make from the poem a menu and a sequence of incidents, somewhat as follows:

MENU OF THE DINNER OF NASIDIENUS.

Lucanian Boar, served with Rapes, Lettuce, Radishes
and a Sauce of Skirwort

Pickled Fish and the Lees of Coan Wine

[This served for the "promulsis" or "a la Russe" part of the banquet. The table is now cleared off and wiped with expensive purple napkins.]

Chian and Caecuban Wine

[These were inferior wines, but the host announces loudly that the guests can have others if they wish.]

Sea Eel and Roe, swimming in a Sauce made of Venafrum Oil

Pickled Mackerel Home-brewed Wine

Pepper and Vinegar

[At this stage the awning falls down on the table and spoils everything. Horace's party becomes drunk and demands more wine.]

A mighty Crane, grilled, with Flour and Salt

The Livers of Geese fattened on Figs

Wings of Hares Roasted Blackbirds

Fricasseed Pigeon served without the rump

Besides this were cakes, turbot, plaice, honey-apples and other minor dishes, a functionary, named Nomentanus, being present to point out any special delicacy that had been overlooked.

Horace's party becomes too intoxicated to eat more, and runs away. As one of them said to Horace in his Roman way, he "had had the time of his life." "Sic, ut mihi nunquam in vita fuerit melius."

It was during his years thirty-five to forty that Horace wrote his best lyrics, finishing the first three books when he was about forty-one. During this time he lived partly in Rome;



THE DINNER GIVEN BY NASIDIENUS. SAT. II, 8

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN FRANCIS'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE

No. 3. VARIUS

No. 7. NOMENTANUS

No. 5. MAECENAS

No. 8. NASIDIENUS

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but had to go occasionally to Tibur, Praeneste and Baiae. He was even thus early, perhaps, a little nervous and not a good sleeper. He says he cannot sleep if he does not write poetry. He continued to be a good-natured man, or he never could have written that most humorous of ancient poems,—his adventures with a bore.

At thirty-nine he was nearly killed by the falling of a tree. He wrote an Ode, (II, 13), about it, and referred to the incident at other times. It is about this time that he says a short dinner suits him, and a nap afterwards; declares himself no longer a votary of Venus; and hangs up his armor on the walls of the temple. Although he had once been something of a fop, he now becomes rather careless in his dress and is indifferent to fine living and the charms of the opposite sex. (Ode I, 4). All these things indicate that on reaching the fifth decade he was becoming an invalid.

About this period, (age forty-two), he consulted Dr. Antonius Musa. Dr. Musa having cured Augustus by cold baths, had set the vogue for this kind of treatment, and they were prescribed even in winter. The warm, sulphurous waters of Baiae had been famous for removing lingering disorders from the nerves. Horace had been to these baths of Baiae for treatment. Not being cured, Musa ordered him cold baths, and he took them at Clusium and Gabies. But he found the country too cold and disagreeable in winter. So he wrote to his friend, Vala, to tell him about the baths of Velie and Salernum in Lucania, near Naples, (Epist. I, 15), and asked what kind of food and drink and climate he would find in these resorts.

The evidence begins to accumulate that Horace about this time was entering his climacteric or developing somewhat of a "nervous prostration". Writing at the age of forty-five to Celsus, secretary of Nero, (Epist. I, 8), he says, "If you are asked what Horace is doing, say that though he is promising to do many beautiful things, he really is not living rightly or pleasantly, and is no less sick in mind than in body"; that he did not wish

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to hear or learn of anything that would alleviate his illness; that he was offending his faithful physicians and irritating his friends because they tried to arouse him from his fatal lethargy, (funesto veterno,) (Epist. I, 8).

*"Fidis offender medicis, irascar amicis,
Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno."*

But Horace, after all, did not have any very serious breakdown, for he not only worked every year, but wrote some of his best poetry, the *Carmen Seculare* for example, when he was over forty-five. Moreover, he wrote the *Ars Poetica* when fifty-six, the year before he died. So his mind must have remained clear even to the last. His worst poetry, indeed, some of the *Satires* and *Epodes*, was written when he was young and well.

Horace became less lyrical and more didactic as he grew older; but this is quite a natural change in a man who enters middle life an invalid. This invalidism made him more of a preacher, philosopher and contented country gentleman than he perhaps would otherwise have been; but we cannot assume it to have changed the quality of his work.

It may, however, have affected the quantity. One of Horace's greatest achievements was his brevity. Though a professional writer for thirty years, his total output was only five books of *Odes*, one hundred and twenty-one in all, and about an equal quantity of verse in the form of *Epistles*, *Satires* and an *Essay on the Art of Poetry*.

Horace died suddenly at the age of fifty-seven. The cause of his death is unknown; but when we consider that he had at times lived somewhat riotously; was never very strong, yet kept up occasional dissipations; was choleric and passionate, and, to the last, fond of his wine and *Chloe*; we may properly infer that he had an arterial sclerosis and a bad heart, and died either from a cardio-renal trouble or from some form of cerebral apoplexy.

C. L. D.



STATUE OF ANTONIUS MUSA
PHYSICIAN TO AUGUSTUS AND HORACE

xxiv *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

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HORACE'S EDUCATION, HABITS, AND VIEWS OF LIFE, AS TOLD IN HIS SATIRES AND EPISTLES

The idea of making Horace tell the story of his life by the use of quotations from his work, has been elaborately worked out by Mr. Clarence Cary. His translation is in blank verse, and is an attempt to carry out the style of the original. We have, in the following extracts, pursued in part the same line, but to a very much less extent. We have printed extracts from the Epistles and Satires only, and chiefly those which bear upon his education, his tribute to his father, his relations to Maecenas, his life in the country, and in Rome. The interest of these passages lies in the picture they give of Roman life two thousand years ago. Most of the translations are by Sir Theodore Martin, whose two volumes on the works of Horace form altogether the finest interpretation of the poet that has been made.

HORACE'S EDUCATION, AND HIS START AS A POET

I was brought up at Rome, and there was taught
What ills to Greece Achilles' anger wrought;
Then Athens bettered that dear lore of song;
She taught me to distinguish right from wrong,
And in the groves of Academe to sound
The way to truth, if so she might be found.
But from that spot, so pleasant and so gay,
Hard times and troublous swept my youth away
On civil war's tempestuous tide, to fight

In ranks unmeet to cope with Caesar's might,
Whence when Phillippi, with my pinions clipped,
Struck to the dust, of land and fortune stripped,
Turned me adrift, through poverty grown rash,
At the verse-monger's craft I made a dash.

Epist. II, 2 Martin

HORACE PAYS TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER

All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loath to send me to the village school,
Whereto the sons of men of mark and rule,—
Centurions, and the like,—were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter day;
But boldly took me when a boy to Rome,
There to be taught all arts that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And in a word he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss,
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he, that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know,
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own
With pride, that I have such a father known!
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.

For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself, with mine content,
I would not choose whom men endow as great
With the insignia and seats of state;
And, though I seem insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise,
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.

Sat. I, 6 Martin

HOW HORACE WAS TAUGHT TO
BE GOOD

But if I still seem personal and bold,
Perhaps you'll pardon, when my story's told.
When my good father taught me to be good,
Scarecrows he took of living flesh and blood.
Thus, if he warned me not to spend but spare
The moderate means I owe to his wise care,
'Twas, "See the life that son of Albius leads!
Observe that Barrus, vilest of ill weeds!
Plain beacons these for heedless youth, whose taste
Might lead them else a fair estate to waste."
If lawless love were what he bade me shun,
"Avoid Scetanius' slough," his words would run:
"Wise men," he'd add, "the reasons will explain
Why you should follow this, from that refrain:
For me, if I can train you in the ways
Trod by the worthy folks of earlier days,
And, while you need direction, keep your name
And life unspotted, I've attained my aim:
When riper years have seasoned brain and limb,
You'll drop your corks, and like a Triton swim."
'Twas thus he formed my boyhood: if he sought
To make me do some action that I ought,
"You see your warrant there," he'd say, and clench
His word with some grave member of the bench:
So too with things forbidden: "Can you doubt
The deed's a deed an honest man should scout,

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When, just for this same matter, these and those,
Like open drains, are stinking 'neath your nose?"
Sick gluttons of a next-door funeral hear,
And learn self-mastery in the school of fear:
And so a neighbor's scandal many a time
Has kept young minds from running into crime.

Thus I grew up, unstained by serious ill,
Though venial faults, I grant you, haunt me still.

Sat. I, 4 Conington

HOW HORACE MET MAECENAS

No chance it was secured me thy regards;
But Virgil first, that best of friends and bards,
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words (for bashfulness
Robbed me of utterance), I did not profess
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate,
On Satureian barb, but what and who
I was as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then,
Some nine months after, summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place:
And proud I feel, that thus I won thy grace,
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.

Sat. I, 6 Martin

HORACE IS INTIMATE WITH MAECENAS

Close on eight years it now must be,
Since first Maecenas numbered me
Among his friends, as one to take
Out driving with him, and to make
The confidant of trifles, say,
Like this, "What is the time of day?"

"The Thracian gladiator, can
One match him with the Syrian?"

Education, Habits, Views of Life xxix

"These chilly mornings will do harm,
If one don't mind to wrap up warm;"
Such nothings as without a fear
One drops into the chinkiest ear.

And when I swear, as well I can,
That I know nothing, for a man
Of silence rare and most discreet
They cry me up to all the street.

Sat. II, 6 Martin

HE IS AN OBJECT OF ENVY

Yet all this time hath envy's glance
On me looked more and more askance.
From mouth to mouth such comments run:
"Our friend indeed is Fortune's son.
Why, there he was, the other day,
Beside Maecenas at the play;
And at the Campus, just before,
They had a bout at battledore."
Some chilling news through lane and street
Spreads from the Forum. All I meet
Accost me thus:—"Dear friend, you're so
Close to the gods, that you must know:
About the Dacians, have you heard
Any fresh tidings?" "Not a word!"
"You're always jesting!" "Now may all
The gods confound me, great and small,
If I have heard one word!" "Well, well,
But you at any rate can tell,
If Caesar means the lands, which he
Has promised to his troops, shall be
Selected from Italian ground,
Or in Trinacria be found?"

HE LONGS FOR THE COUNTRY

Thus do my wasted days slip by,
 Not without many a wish and sigh,
 When, when shall I the country see,
 Its woodlands green,—oh, when be free,
 With books of great old men, and sleep,
 And hours of dreamy ease, to creep
 Into oblivion sweet of life,
 Its agitations and its strife?
 When on my table shall be seen
 Pythagoras's kinsman bean,
 And bacon, not too fat, embellish
 My dish of greens, and give it relish?

HE ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS

Oh happy nights, oh feasts divine,
 When, with friends I love, I dine
 At mine own hearth-fire, and the meat
 We leave gives my bluff hinds a treat!
 No stupid laws our feasts control,
 But each guest drains or leaves the bowl,
 Precisely as he feels inclined.
 If he be strong, and have a mind
 For bumpers, good! If not, he's free
 To sip his liquor leisurely.
 And then the talk our banquet rouses!
 But not about our neighbors' houses,
 Or if 'tis generally thought
 That Lepos dances well or not?
 But what concerns us nearer, and
 Is harmful not to understand,
 Whether by wealth or worth, 'tis plain,
 That men to happiness attain?
 By what we're led to choose our friends,—
 Regard for them, or our own ends?
 In what does good consist, and what
 Is the supremest form of that?
 And then friend Cervius will strike in
 With some old grandam's tale. . . .

Sat. II, 6 Martin

HORACE'S DAILY LIFE IN ROME

I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
 Inquire the price of potherbs and of bread,
 The circus cross to see its tricks and fun,
 The forum, too, at times near set of sun;
 With other fools there do I stand and gape
 Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape
 To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse and pease;
 Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
 Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
 A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand,
 A common ewer, patera, and bowl,—
 Campania's potteries produced the whole.
 To sleep then I.
 I keep my couch till ten, then walk awhile,
 Or having read or writ what may beguile
 A quiet after-hour, anoint my limbs
 With oil, not such as filthy Natta skims
 From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
 And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,
 Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball-play,
 The bath takes all my weariness away.
 Then, having lightly dined, just to appease
 The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
 Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
 This is the life of bard, unclogged, like me,
 By stern ambition's miserable weight.
 So placed, I own with gratitude, my state
 Is sweeter, ay, than though a quaestor's power
 From sire and grandsire's sires had been my dower.

Sat. I, 6 Martin

HE TRIES TO WRITE POETRY IN ROME

Write verse in Rome, too? How could I, in fact,
 Amidst so much to worry and distract?
 "Bail me!" writes one. "Cut business for the day,"
 Another, "and I'll read you my new play!"
 Then on the Quirinal is one sick friend,
 One on Mount Aventine, quite at the end,
 And each of these expects a call from me—

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Nice manageable distances, you see.
 "But then the streets are clear; with nought," you say,
 "To hinder one from musing by the way!"
 Why here a builder in a fume you meet,
 With mules and porters cramming all the street.
 Anon a crane, whirling a stone in air
 Or mighty beam, obstructs the thoroughfare.
 Then there's a block of dismal funeral trains
 Jammed up and struggling with huge cumbrous wains;
 Anon a mad dog rushes foaming by,
 Anon a pig, all reeking from the sty.

Epist. II, 2 Martin

HE DESCRIBES HIS COUNTRY SEAT

As, dearest Quintius, you may wish to know
 The things this country-place of mine will grow,
 If it enrich me with oil, apples, wine,
 Or if its fields are best for corn or kine,
 Its site and character I will essay
 To picture for you in my chatty way.
 Girdled by hills it lies, through which but one
 Small valley, rich in shade, is seen to run,
 Where on the right the morning sunbeams play,
 Whilst on the left they rest at close of day.
 You'd like the air. Wild cherry there, and sloe
 Purply and dark, in rich profusion grow,
 While oak and ilex bounteously afford
 Food for my herds, and shelter for their lord.

Epist. I, 16 Martin

HORACE IS AFRAID HE MAY GET ILL

Only five days, I said, I should be gone;
 Yet August's past, and still I linger on.
 'Tis true I've broke my promise. But if you
 Would have me well, as I am sure you do,
 Grant me the same indulgence, which, were I
 Laid up with illness, you would not deny,
 Although I claim it only for the fear
 Of being ill, this deadly time of year,

Education, Habits, Views of Life xxxiii

When autumn's clammy heat and early fruits
 Deck undertakers out, and inky mutes;
 When young mamas, and fathers to a man,
 With terrors for their sons and heirs are wan;
 When stifling anteroom, or court, distils
 Fevers wholesale, and breaks the seals of wills.
 Should winter swathe the Alban fields in snow,
 Down to the sea your poet means to go,
 To nurse his ailments, and, in cosy nooks
 Close huddled up, to loiter o'er his books.
 But once let zephyrs blow, sweet friend, and then,
 If then you'll have him, he will quit his den,
 With the first swallow hailing you again.

Epist. I, 7. Martin

HE TELLS MAECENAS HOW TO MAKE A
PRESENT

When you bestowed on me what made me rich,
 Not in the spirit was it done, in which
 Your bluff Calabrian on a guest will thrust
 His pears: "Come, eat, man, eat—you can, you must!"
 "Indeed, indeed, my friend, I've had enough."
 "Then take some home!" "You're too obliging." "Stuff!"
 If you have pockets full of them, I guess,
 Your little lads will like you none the less.
 "I really can't—thanks all the same!" "You won't?"
 Why then the pigs shall have them, if you don't."
 'Tis fools and prodigals, whose gifts consist
 Of what they spurn, or what is never missed:
 Such tilth will never yield, and never could,
 A harvest save of coarse ingratitude.
 A wise good man is evermore alert,
 When he encounters it, to own desert;
 Nor is he one on whom you'd try to pass
 For sterling currency mere lackered brass.
 For me, 'twill be my aim myself to raise
 Even to the flattering level of your praise.

Epist. I, 7 Martin

HORACE INQUIRES FOR A HEALTHY
PLACE AT THE SEA SHORE

Which place is best supplied with corn, d'ye think?
 Have they rain-water or fresh springs to drink?
 Their wines I care not for: when at my farm
 I can drink any sort without much harm;
 But at the sea I need a generous kind
 To warm my veins and pass into my mind,
 Enrich me with new hopes, choice words supply,
 And make me comely in a lady's eye.
 Which tract is best for game, on which sea-coast
 Urchins and other fish abound the most,
 That so, when I return, my friends may see
 A sleek Phaeacian come to life in me:
 These things you needs must tell me, Vala dear,
 And I no less must act on what I hear.

Epist. I, 15 Conington

HORACE GIVES SEPTIMIUS AN INGENIOUS
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION TO NERO

Septimius only understands, 'twould seem,
 How high I stand in, Claudius, your esteem;
 For when he begs and prays me, day by day,
 Before you his good qualities to lay,
 As not unfit to share the heart and hearth
 Of Nero, who selects his staff for worth;
 When he supposes you to me extend
 The rights and place of a familiar friend,—
 Much better than myself he sees and knows,
 How far with you my commendation goes.
 Plea upon plea, believe me, I have used,
 In hope he'd hold me from the task excused.
 Yet feared the while, it might be thought I feigned
 Too low what influence I perchance have gained;
 Dissembling it as nothing with my friends,
 To keep it for my own peculiar ends.
 So to escape such dread reproach, I put
 My blushes by, and boldly urge my suit.
 If, then, you hold it as a grace, though small,

To doff one's bashfulness at friendship's call,
 Enrol him in your suite, assured you'll find
 A man of heart in him, as well as mind.

Epist. I, 9 Martin

HOW TO TREAT FRIENDS

True love, we know, is blind; defects, that blight
 The loved one's charms, escape the lover's sight,
 Nay, pass for beauties; as Balbinus shows
 A passion for the wen on Agna's nose.
 Oh, with our friendships that we did the same,
 And screened our blindness under virtue's name!
 For we are bound to treat a friend's defect
 With touch most tender, and a fond respect;
 Even as a father treats a child's, who hints,
 The urchin's eyes are roguish, if he squints:
 Or if he be as stunted, short, and thick,
 As Sisyphus, the dwarf, will call him "chick!"
 If crooked all ways, in back, in legs, in thighs,
 With softening phrases will the flaw disguise.
 So, if one friend too close a fist betrays,
 Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways;
 Or if another—such we often find—
 To flippant jest and braggart talk inclined,
 'Tis only from a kindly wish to try
 To make the time 'mongst friends go lightly by;
 Another's tongue is rough and over-free,
 Let's call it bluntness and sincerity;
 Another's choleric; him we must screen,
 As cursed with feelings for his peace too keen.
 This is the course, methinks, that makes a friend,
 And, having made, secures him to the end.

Sat. I, 3 Martin

HORACE'S PRAYERS

For me, when freshened by my spring's pure cold,
 Which makes my villagers looked pinched and old,
 What prayers are mine? "O may I yet possess
 The goods I have, or, if heaven pleases, less!"

Let the few years that Fate may grant me still
Be all my own, not held at others' will!
Let me have books, and stores for one year hence,
Nor make my life one flutter of suspense!"

But I forbear; sufficient 'tis to pray
To Jove for what he gives and takes away;
Grant life, grant fortune, for myself I'll find
That best of blessings—a contented mind.

Epist. I, 18 Conington

My prayers with this I used to charge,—
A piece of land not very large,
Wherein there should a garden be,
A clear spring flowing ceaselessly,
And where, to crown the whole, there should
A patch be found of growing wood.

All this, and more, the gods have sent,
And I am heartily content.
Oh son of Maia, that I may
These bounties keep is all I pray.
If ne'er by craft or base design
I've swelled what little store is mine,
Nor mean it ever shall be wrecked
By profligacy or neglect;
If never from my lips a word
Shall drop of wishes so absurd
As, "Had I but that little nook,
Next to my land, that spoils its look!"
Or, "Would some lucky chance unfold
A crock to me of hidden gold,
As to the man, whom Hercules
Enriched and settled at his ease,
Who, with the treasure he had found,
Bought for himself the very ground
Which he before for hire had tilled!"

Sat. II, 6 Martin

Ripe berries from the olive bough,
Mallows and endives be my fare.
Son of Latona! Hear my vow;
Apollo, grant my prayer,

Health to enjoy the blessings sent
From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;
A cheerful heart; a wise content;
An honoured age; and song.

Ode I, 31 De Vere

If only poverty keep from my door,
Unlovely poverty, I ask no more;
The ship I sail in may be large or small,
'Twill carry me, and that is all in all.
Fair winds we may not have, nor swelling sails,
Yet neither have we always adverse gales.
In strength, in worth, in influence, powers of mind,
In rank and fortune, though I come behind
The very foremost, many yet there be
That in their turn come lagging after me.

Epist. II, 2 Martin

HORACE TO HIS OWN BOOK

Horace addresses this Epistle to his Book as though it were a young and restless girl anxious to go out and see the world. We have given only the first and last part of the Poem. The Book is the first of his Epistles. The Socii were famous booksellers whose shop was near the temples of Janus and Vertumnus.

I read the meaning of that wistful look
Toward Janus and Vertumnus, O my book!
Upon the Socii's shelves you long to stand,
Rubbed smooth with pumice by their skillful hand.
You chafe at lock and modest seal; you groan,
That you should only to a few be shown,
And sigh by all the public to be read,
You in far other notions trained and bred.
Well, go your way, whereso you please and when,—
But, once sent forth, you come not back again.

But if, perchance, some sunny afternoon
To hear your voice shall eager ears attune,
Say, that though born a freedman's son, possessed

xxxviii *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Of slender means, beyond the parent nest
I soared on ampler wing: thus what in birth
I lack, let that be added to my worth.
Say, that in war, and also here at home,
I stood well with the foremost men of Rome;
That small in stature, prematurely grey,
Sunshine was life to me and gladness; say
Besides, though hasty in my temper, I
Was just as quick to put my anger by.
Then, should my age be asked you, add that four
And forty years I'd flourished, and no more,
In the December of that year, which fame
Will join with Lepidus' and Lollius' name.

Epist. I, 20 Martin

ON THE VALUE OF THE POET

Horace thought the true Poet had all the powers and duties
of a Teacher and a Priest. We give below a portion only of
his panegyric:

His lessons form the child's young lips, and wean
The boyish ear from words and tales unclean;
As years roll on, he moulds the ripening mind,
And makes it just and generous, sweet and kind;
He tells of worthy precedents, displays
The examples of the past to after days,
Consoles affliction, and disease allays.

Epist. II, 1 Conington

HORACE AND AUGUSTUS

When time and circumstance suggest,
I shall not fail to do my best;
But never words of mine shall touch
Great Caesar's ear, but only such
As are to the occasion due,
And spring from my conviction, too;
For stroke him with an awkward hand,
And he kicks out—you understand?

Sat. II, 1 Martin

Education, Habits, Views of Life xxxix

Since you, great Caesar, singly wield the charge
Of Rome's concerns, so manifold and large,—
With sword and shield the commonwealth protect,
With morals grace it, and with laws correct,—
The bard, methinks, would do a public wrong,
Who, having gained your ear, should keep it long.

Epist. II, 1 Conington

HORACE AND MAECENAS

Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath;
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, where'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below.

Ode II, 17 Martin

HORACE'S SO-CALLED MISTRESSES

We can best preface this subject with the lines by George M. Whicher, published in *Scribner's Magazine*, January, 1902:

BALLADE OF HORACE'S LOVES

Lydia, fickle and fair,
Lyce, the faded of hue,
Lalage, Pholoe—there!
Hark, how the l's ripple through.
These were the beauties that drew,
These lilting and lyrical dames!
Leuconoe, Glycera—Pooh!
Why, Horace, they're nothing but names!

Pyrrha, the golden of hair,
Lyde the lyrist, the shrew
Myrtale—well, I declare!
What in the world shall we do?
Must we abandon the crew,
Their gallants and gaddings and games?
Barine, Lycoris, adieu!
Alas! ye are nothing but names!

All were but syllabled air,
Fancies that fluttered and flew,
Innocent Phidyle's prayer,
Chloe, the fawn, and the few
Years that your Cinara knew,
Cinara, sweetest of flames!
Ah, Horace, I'm sorry for you;
Alas! they were nothing but names!

Horace's So-called Mistresses

xli

Envoi

Ladies! ye shrink from this view;
But soon all your loves and your fames,
Fun, frailties, frolics, ye too
Alas! will be nothing but names.

The conclusion of most students of Horace is that he did not have a sort of harem, as some have suggested, but merely a beautiful vocabulary. He went through one bitter love affair with Canidia. He seems, according to Martin, to have had a real tenderness for Cinera, who treated him kindly at times, but who died early. In his later years he recalled this friendship, and the happiness and trouble it caused him. He was apparently also much smitten with Lydia, to whom he writes four Odes. Nothing is known of the personal history or character of any of the women to whom he addresses his poems, or to whom he makes reference. Horace was a bachelor and apparently not a student of women as a factor in the social organism of the time. He has nothing to say against them as a class, nor does he praise them for their domestic or social virtues, nor indeed for anything but their personal qualities. He does, indeed, speak with eloquence and appreciation of the humbler class of women, the farmer's wife, who is "pudica mulier," who builds the fire to keep her husband warm, milks the cows, and takes out the wine and prepares the meals for the family.

Horace's love poems were not real love poetry or even love songs, though they had sometimes a suggestion of physical warmth. They were songs of pleasant reminiscence, or of some prospective meeting, of jealousy or reproach, and adieu. In fact, modern romantic love did not enter into poetry until the time of Petrarch, and Horace was not of the Petrarch type.

In one of the Satires, (III, 11) he allows a certain Damasippus to make fun of him, and to accuse him of imitating the

manners of the great, of writing verses, of being quick tempered, extravagant and fond of the ladies, "of frequent fits of rage", "of a style of living beyond his means", of "girls by the score". In all these respects Horace seems to have been open to remark; but there was no very serious degree of perversity in him. Had there been it is not likely that he would have published his faults so candidly. Horace wrote many Odes to many young women of whom we know nothing beyond their names, and such beautiful names;—Chloe, Phyllis, Leuconoe, Barine, Myrtale, Lydia, Phryne. They were mostly of Greek origin, and they represented either simply names, or ladies of the hetairai class. But his songs to these fair persons lack evidence of deep passion, though they reveal the attitude of his time toward the goddess of Gnidus.

C. L. D.

HORACE'S FRIENDS

Horace was evidently a man who had many friends, and friends in various walks of life. Those to whom he was most closely attached, aside from Maecenas, were chiefly men of letters or men of means enjoying the social life of the city. He gives a list of those friends whom he particularly wished to please with his writings. It included Virgil, Varius, Valgius, Furnius and Pollio, who were eminent as poets, orators or historians. Others of them were, like Maecenas, Plotius and Messala, men of affairs and soldiers as well as patrons of literature and art. A few like Fuscus, Bibulus, and Servius were men about town, interested in literature and promoters of good fellowship. Beside these there were Pompey, his early companion in arms; the Lollii, father and son, the former a politician and soldier, the son a student; the Pisos, to whom he addressed his "*Ars Poetica*"; also Septimius, Vala, Lamia and Quinctius, men of political importance. In poems addressed to these persons he celebrates their successes, consoles them in their troubles, invites them to his home, or discourses to them some of his favorite moralities.

Horace showed a genuine and affecting attachment to Maecenas, a nobleman of high rank, adviser of Augustus and something of an author himself. He writes to Maecenas when the latter is ill and protests that he must not think of dying. He swears that they cannot be parted and that if Maecenas dies he will not survive him.

"Think not, that I have sworn a bootless oath;
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand linked in hand, where'er thou leadest, both
The last sad road below!"

Ode II, 17 Martin

xliv *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Virgil, also, was very close to Horace, at least in the latter's earlier life. The great epic poet was the older of the two and somewhat of an invalid; but he had an assured position in Rome when Horace reached that city, and was able to help him. Varius was another poet to whom Horace was apparently much attached and indebted. We know little of him except that he wrote good poetry, and had a reputation almost equal to that of Virgil. Horace was associated with Pompey in the army of Brutus, and they fought together. When Pompey, after his defeat, came back to Rome, Horace sang him a song of welcome which showed the warmth of genuine friendship. Horace wrote an Ode to Lamia, and this, as well as a reference in one of his Letters, showed he was a friend for whose comfort he was sacrificing himself.

Horace admired Augustus, and sang his praises, though he may have been somewhat under official compulsion. Perhaps he was a little afraid of the great man. However, two of Horace's most noble poems, the Secular Hymn, and the Praises of Drusus, were written at the suggestion or order of the emperor.

Horace was not always happy in his choice of friends; at least history does not paint them all as unspotted characters. Plancus, whom he advises to drown care with wine, was an able soldier, but an adventurer and voluptuary, who scarcely needed the advice. Antonius Iulus, the poet, was a man of distinction and wealth; but he was condemned to death for an intrigue with Julia, the daughter of Augustus.

Horace celebrates Lollius as "a soul of prescient power, Not lifted up in prosperous hour"; . . . "Severe to greedy fame; . . . secure against the world's great magnet, gain". This man plundered the nations whom he conquered, was later convicted of bribery, and died by his own hands.

Licinius, whom Horace advises to moderation and the golden mean, became a conspirator against Augustus and was put to death.



VIRGIL READING HIS GEORGICS TO HORACE, VARIUS AND
MAECENAS, AT THE HOME OF MAECENAS

FROM THE PAINTING BY JALABERT, 1847

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However, these were troublous times when neither fortune nor character were secure. Horace himself was evidently an attractive personality, and had strong attachments for those whom he chose as his associates. He speaks of friends and friendship much more warmly than he does of lovers and love. No other immortal poet had so many friends or such important ones as did Horace.

C. L. D.

HORACE'S DEITIES

Horace is as intimate with the deities as with his friends and patrons. He rarely sings without introducing a god or a goddess; and they are as an important part of his vocabulary as the woods and mountains. His deities are the familiar ones, and are rarely mentioned without some attributive. Chief among them were, Jove the thunderer, father, and guardian; Venus, cruel mother of loves; Bacchus, bringer out of the truths of the heart; unerring Apollo, god of song and prophecy; his sister, Diana, ruler of the woods; eloquent Mercury, winged son of fostering Maia; Faunus, the great god Pan, ever ready to leave his Grecian hills and smile upon the fields of Horace.

Then there were the "intact" Pallas, glowing Vulcan, unpitying Pluto, and Mars the guardian god of War.

Of the Muses he chose Melpomene, the muse of serious song, for his special appeals; but he invokes also Euterpe, Clio, and Polyhymnia. The modest graces, children of Bacchus and Venus, the Nymphs and Satyrs all go to help out his poetic imagery and furnish objects for his invocations.

The world in those days was full of minor and local deities, gods of the hearth, of the garden, of the rivers, and of cities and seas. They did not seem to mean much to Flaccus.

It is not difficult, as a rule, to follow the poet in his dealings with Olympus; but Horace did not like to repeat himself, and he is continually referring to gods, not by their usual names, but by names of mountains, or countries or temples where they were especially worshipped. Venus is called Cythera, and Erycina, goddess of Gnidos or Paphos. Bacchus is also Liber, and Evius, and the son of Semele; Jove is One born of Saturn, and Apollo is Latona's son, Pythius or Cynthius.

Horace's Deities

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Horace deals much with winds and the weather, and consequently with Aeolus king of the winds, and his children Iapyx, Eurus, Notus and Auster, each representing a breeze from some particular quarter.

It seems most probable that Horace had a thin and cultivated heathen faith in the reality of celestial influences, and felt that in some vague way his deities lived and exercised power over mankind, though not working miracles. He admits that he was "*parcus cultor Deorum*",—not a regular attendant at the temples; but he avers that he will change his course and attend to his religious affairs. His belief in a future was the common, ancient one of a shadowy, ghostly life upon certain dark Plutonian shores. He introduces a ghost into his poetry and believed, apparently, in the merit of burying the ashes of the dead lest the spirit wander disconsolate, unable to reach a final resting place.

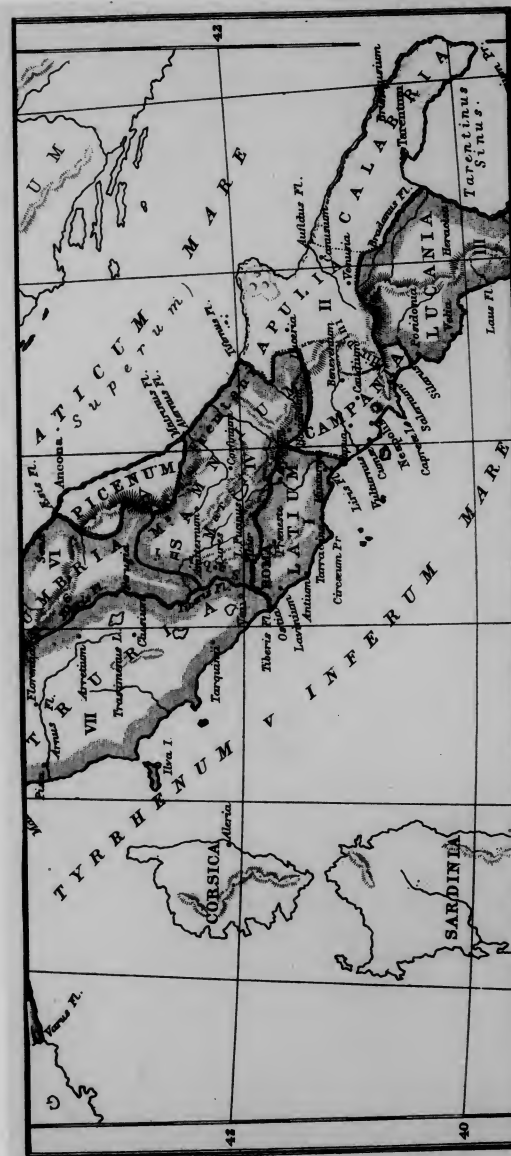
C. L. D.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF HORACE

Horace had an objective mind, and was fond of illustrating his poetry with references to places and people. A little study of the map of the ancient world makes more apt and vivid many of his geographical allusions. He speaks oftenest, naturally, of the regions of Greece, of the towns and mountains of Italy, and of the country about the Mediterranean. The places in Italy to which he most often alludes were Rome itself and certain resorts near by, Tibur, Tarentum, The Sabine Farm, Praeneste, and Baiae, all places which he lived in or frequently visited.

He had his friends and interests in remoter regions, also, in Germany, Spain and wherever the armies of Rome were fighting. The Roman world was the whole world, and the conquests of Augustus and his generals were topics of daily and personal interest. His poetic imagery may be said to have been bounded, geographically speaking, on the east by the Scythians, Dacians, Gelonians, Parthians, and the Seres, representing the fierce nations of Tartary, Arabia and the region about the Black and Caspian Seas; on the north by the Alps, Germany, Gaul and Britain; on the west by Spain and the Atlantic; and on the south by Mauritania, Lydia and Getulia, regions of Africa, full of wild beasts and savage men. A map, which we call "The Map of Horace's World", gives many of the places to which he most often alludes.

He speaks of his native place, Venusium. He refers often to several districts of Italy, such as Campagna and Latium, and to regions like Falernus and Caecubus from which came good wine. He calls the Italians, Daunians, from Daunia, a region in Apulia, near where he was born. He sometimes gives to Italy the name Hesperia. We append a map of part of Italy which



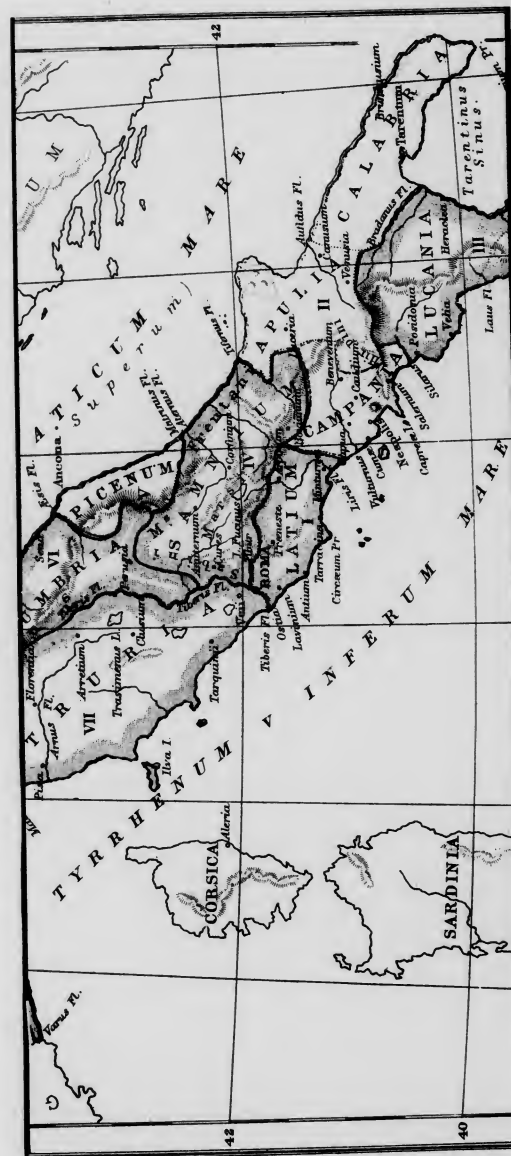
CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN ITALY, TIME OF AUGUSTUS

THE GEOGRAPHY OF HORACE

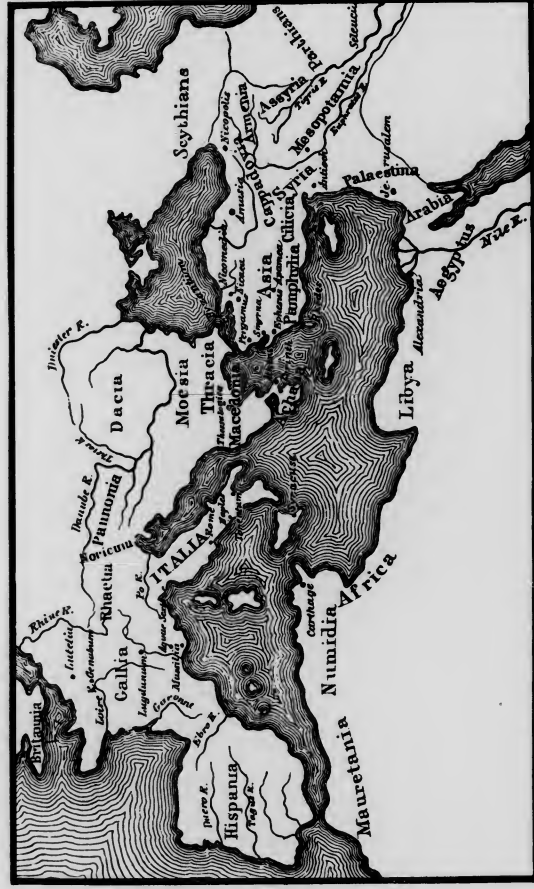
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CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN ITALY, TIME OF AUGUSTUS



HORACE'S WORLD. THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN THE FIRST CENTURY, A.D.



HORACE'S WORLD. THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN THE FIRST CENTURY, A.D.

shows those places to which most frequent reference is made.

Horace has more mountains than any other geographical features in his verses. On them his gods and goddesses lived, and to love the mountains was one of the ancient functions of Bacchus, his favorite god. As Horace's Pantheon was a Greek one, he naturally sings most often of the mountains of that country, of Helicon in Thessaly, sacred to the Muses, of Parnassus near by, and of Pindus; also of Lycaeus in Arcadia, sacred to the great god Pan; of Erymanthus, one of the many homes of Venus; and of Cynthus in Delos, the home of both Apollo and Diana.

Of the mountains of Italy we hear much less. These were beautiful, but they were not sacred to the gods of his poetry. He mentions Mount Vulture, near his native town, in whose woods he was lost when a boy; Algidus, a mountain not far from Rome, famous for its cool breezes; also he sings of the snow-capped peak of Soracte in Tuscany, and of a small mountain near the Sabine Farm, Lucretelis, upon whose slopes Faunus looked kindly.

The seas on which his personae sailed were the Mediterranean and some of its subdivisions, the Aegean, the Adriatic, the Tyrrhene, the latter lying between Italy and Corsica; the Myrtoan and Icarian, which were parts of the Aegean; and the Atlantic, the Black and the Caspian seas.

Of islands he sings more often of those of Greece, in the Aegean sea. Cythera and Cyprus, each having a temple to Venus; Crete, Rhodes and Lesbos, famous islands in history and poetry; and the shining Cyclades, all were important to Horace.

Horace was a poet to understand whom, in the original, geography is almost as necessary as ability to read Latin. Fortunately his translators often leave out local references, and Horace in English does not require a more extensive knowledge of classical geography than can be gathered from a casual study of the maps here published.

C. L. D.

THE ADMONITIONS OF HORACE

An industrious compiler has collected a thousand sayings of Horace approved of by the wise and learned. This is perhaps too much. Horace was wise for his time and in a pagan way; but his wisdom was only a kind of inspired good sense and like his morality had a narrow range. Yet he spoke words of wisdom and admonition in apt and striking phrases; and illustrated them with forceful imagery or applied them in simple tales. There have been many preachers and wise men since his time; but no one quite fits the mould of Flaccus.

Some of his philosophy is scattered through the Odes and other writings which appear in the following pages. We present him here as a Moralist in what might be called a Mosaic of the Admonitions of Horace, embellished with some of the Emblemata of Otho Vaenius, Antwerp, 1612. In the sixteenth century Horace was ranked as a great preacher as well as a poet and the work of Vaenius, approved by the Church, passed through many editions. The illustrations present Roman life from the standpoint of the Dutch craftsmen of the sixteenth century.

Equanimity. Preserve an even mind in arduous times, and in prosperity show no over-weening joy. You live more perfectly, Licinius, if you take the golden mean, secure from the squalor of the hut and the envy of the palace. Crave not the burdens of office or the cares of riches,—the tall pine is most tossed by gales and lofty towers fall with the heaviest crash. Black care quits not the brazen trireme and sits tight behind the flying horseman. Study how to pass your life most happily;

The Admonitions of Horace li

whether by seeking honors, or a retired path and a way of life unnoticed. To wonder at nothing is about the only thing, my friend, which can make a man happy and keep him so. The wise man is a fool, the just man unjust, if he follow virtue further than is sufficient.

Counsel to the Young. Listen to wise counsel, young Lollius, and while the blood is clear commit yourself to good courses. The jar will long preserve the odor of the wine with which it has been saturated. Brave men are born of brave men; the fierce eagle does not beget the unwarlike dove. But education brings out the innate talent and culture strengthens the soul. There is no man so savage that he cannot be softened if he lend to his teacher an attentive ear. Govern the temper, for unless it obeys, it commands. Let young men mould themselves in rough training, to endure hardships, to be fierce horsemen, terrible with their lances to the foes of Rome. It is a sweet and seemly thing to die for one's country; and pitiless death overtakes also the coward youth who flees.

Content. See that your lot is fitted to your character, and long not for things you would not know how to enjoy. A modest life suits a modest talent. The more a man denies himself, the more he will receive from Heaven; its doors are open to those who follow in content the path of Virtue.

To-day and To-morrow. Enjoy the present and quite distrust the morrow. The wise gods keep in Caligian darkness the events of the future, and smile at mortals who would look beyond. Whatever of pleasant days Fortune shall give you count as so much gain. He will be master of himself and glad, who has the power to say each day, "I have lived." To-morrow great Jove may overspread the sky with clouds; but he can not take from me what I've enjoyed. The years fly by, O Postumus, and even piety brings no check to wrinkles or old age. Day displaces day and new moons hasten onward but to

lii *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

fade. Pale death knocks with equal foot at the hut of the pauper and the palace of the king.

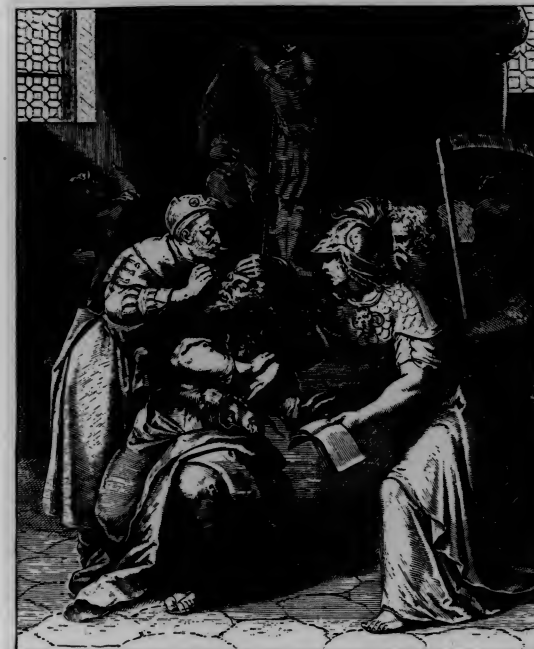
Temperance. Scorn not in your youth delightful loves and dances. Pile the logs on the fire, O Thaliarchus, bring out the better wine; and leave the rest to the gods. It is sweet peril to follow Bacchus, who binds his brows with the green vine leaves, who discloses the deep designs of the wise, who brings back hope and strength to the troubled, and gives to the poor man horns of might. For them that drink not Heaven makes all things difficult. But keep the temperate lord of wine far from noisy brawls, for Bacchus is the soul of peace as well as war; and thirst turns bitter if indulged without restraint.

Country Life. Blest is the man who far from business tills his farm with the paternal oxen. There is no place which surpasses the peaceful country; where no care distracts the slumbers; where the season is mild and a refreshing breeze allays the stinging sun; where the meadows are fairer than Libyan Mosaics; where the limpid stream dances along its winding bed and the home surveys a length of fields.

Friendship. Fill the shining tankard, O Pompey, comrade in troubled days; one may rave a little when a friend's regained. Would that one might, like a lover, either see not the blemishes of a friend, or else be charmed by them; such charity would make of friendship a thing more noble than love. I will sing of my friends nothing small, and in no mortal measure chant their praise.

Love. Love is as silly as a childish game; it means war, then peace; it is changeable as the weather; it is quite beyond regulation or philosophy. Add blood to fire and stir up with a sword,—this is Love.

Religious Observance. The shadow of ancestral crimes will fall on you, O Romans, until you repair the temples, rebuild the shrines and restore the statues of the gods blackened



"Nam cur
Quae laedunt oculum, festinas demere; si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum!"
EPIST. I, 2.

How strange is this! if ought the eye offends,
You straight remove it and the anguish ends;
If ought corrodes the mind, some slight pretence
Serves to protract the cure a twelvemonth hence.

fade. Pale death knocks with equal foot at the hut of the pauper and the palace of the king.

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with smoke. It is because you own yourselves lower than the gods, that you rule the world. From them is every beginning and to them we ascribe every end. The wronged gods have sent us many woes. I have been a scant worshipper, but I retrace my steps and follow the course I had forsaken. God brings what is hidden into light and changes the highest to the lowest; he is ruler over kings and shakes the universe with his nod. With the same power he smooths the sea and tosses the trees in the winds. Yet,—I have learned that the gods sit above us securely, and if nature causes anything wonderful to happen, they do not send it down from the roof of Heaven.

Riches. Boundless riches will not keep the mind from fear or the head from the snare of death. There is no gloss to buried gold, it has no value except in honorable use. The covetous should have the largest dose of the medicine for madness. Numicius the miser was so rich that he could not count his gold and had to measure it like grain; and so mean he lived like a slave; yet one night his mistress cleft him through with an ax. It is the same whether you present all your substance to a greedy gulf or never use your savings. You can pay court to the rich; and if it will do good to yourself or your family, go to the rich man's dinner. If Diogenes knew how to associate with princes he would despise his vegetables. But one need not be obsequious. Freedom and poverty are better than slavery and riches. Gluttony drags the soul into the mire. If you indulge your lust invade not the home. Avoid envy, Sicilian tyrants never invented a worse torture.

Virtue. Men work harder to accomplish evil deeds than to do good. They worry over their bodies more than over their souls. If you have a sore eye, you run to an oculist; if your mind is wrong you put off the cure. If you are not content, your soul is the thing at fault. It is the sky, not the mind, they change who speed across the main. Who ever fled his country,—and himself as well? Give up your toys to study

liv Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

virtue, that you may learn to live aright. Avoid doing wrong, not for fear of punishment, but for love of virtue. There are hypocrites who pray aloud to Apollo in the Temple, but at the same time whisper a prayer to the goddess of theft for protection. The upright man and fixed of purpose is not shaken by public clamor or moved by imperious tyrants or the mighty hand of thundering Jove. Virtue opens heaven to her followers and with soaring wing spurns the vulgar rabble and the misty earth. You begin to be virtuous when you avoid vice, and you begin to be wise when you cease to be foolish. The Roman citizens say: "Gold first then virtue;" but the boys at the games say: "If you act aright you will be a king." The children's ditty is better than the law of the market place. Be this your wall of brass: to feel no guilt within, no fault to turn you pale. The virtuous man needs no bows and arrows to preserve him from his enemies, for a god protects him. Our country and our friends alike expect to find in us love for our parents, brothers and guests, and right service as public men.

C. L. D.

Poems of Patriotism

TO HIS FRIENDS: URGING THE ROMAN
YOUTH TO VIRTUE

Rome! teach thine offspring to sustain
Stern poverty: to wield the spear,
To spur the war-horse o'er the plain,
And smite the Parthian foe with fear:

To watch beneath the frosty skies;
To face the tempest, and endure;
The bed and banquet to despise,
In doubt and danger still secure.

The royal maid, the princely dame,
Shall mark him from the rampart high,
Shall track his course thro' blood and flame,
And thus in faltering accents sigh:—

" My King, my gracious Lord, forbear
To brave yon warrior's fatal wrath;
Untrained to warlike arms, beware,
Nor cross the raging lion's path."

Blessed who for his country dies—
Blessed and honoured! Pitiless Death
Spares not the coward slave who flies,
The trembling limbs, the panting breath.

Virtue self-centered, fearless, free,
Shines with a lustre all her own,
Nor takes, nor yields, her dignity
When fickle nations smile or frown;

Through realms unknown she wings her flight,
 Spurning the sordid clay beneath,
 And lifts into celestial light

The spirit that has conquered death.

Silence and secrecy, not less

The Gods reward: never may he
 Who dares their mandates to transgress
 Revealing Ceres' mystery

Abide beneath my roof, or steer
 My fragile shallop o'er the main;
 Jove hurls his bolts, by law severe,
 Alike on guiltless and profane.

Justice with silent footstep slow,
 With steadfast eye, but halting gait,
 The felon tracks, and on his brow
 Stamps the remorseless doom of Fate.

Ode III, 2 De Vere

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

It is sweet and glorious to die for our country.

THE SPEECH OF JUNO.

This Ode was written shortly after Augustus had been declared Emperor, A. U. C. 727, when Horace was 38. It is sometimes called "The Speech of Juno,"—or "The Apotheosis of Romulus".

After a prelude the Poet introduces an assembly of the gods before whom Romulus appears and asks for a seat among the Immortals. Juno, Troy's old enemy, rises and makes a speech declaring the wickedness of the Trojans and the greatness of Rome, and asserts that it will last as long as Roman virtues last, and as long as the Capitol remains in Italy.

A plan for removing the Capitol had been discussed at Rome during the troubled times previous to and following Caesar's death. One purpose of the Ode is thought to be to protest against this plan.

The righteous man, of purpose fixed and strong,

Scorns the depraved commands

Of angry Faction clamouring for wrong,
 Nor fears the Despot's frown. Not Auster's roar
 Whitening the restless wave on Adria's shore,

Not the red thunder hurled

From Jove's avenging hands

Can shake his solid will. Unmoved he stands
 Erect amid the ruins of a world.

Thus rose Alcides to the flaming skies:

Thus Leda's son to those Divine abodes

Where, couched among th' Immortals, Caesar lies
 Drinking with purpled lip the nectar of the Gods.

Thus Bacchus clomb to Jove's Olympian throne

Drawn by wild tigers, ivy garlanded:

Thus, strong and true, Rome's mighty founder sped,
 Wafted by steeds of Mars to Heaven, not Acheron.

He claimed a throne among the Gods. They sate

Silent; then Juno rose, "Troy met her fate,

Her God-built walls down-crumbled into dust

By a strange woman and a judge unjust;

Condemned by me and by Minerva's hate

Since first that King, false to his kingly word,

Abjured his oath, withheld the pledged reward.

"Where now the glittering grace that shone
 From Paris on th' adulterous Queen?"

Where now the lustrous sheen
Sparkling from those false eyes her faithless heart that
won?

Where Priam's perjured house, Hector its stay?—
How oft his arm triumphant broke the Greek array!

"Dead is that ten years' war
Kindled by feuds of ours: its sound is heard no more.
No more my anger rages: I resign
To Mars this scion of a hated line,
Son of Troy's Priestess. Founder of great
Rome

Enter, 'mong peaceful Gods to find a home
And quaff 'mid starbright skies the nectar juice
Divine.

"So long as 'twixt his Rome and Ilion roll
The billows of a boundless main
Let Trojan exiles unmolested reign;
Let Rome's proud Capitol
Unshaken stand, while herds insulting roam
O'er Priam's grave, and while in Paris' tomb
Wolves hide their cubs. So long
Shall Roman valour, steadfast, strong,
Give laws to Media's conquered hosts,
And rule the Midland Ocean's coasts,
And those far lands where fertile cornfields smile
Fed by the waters of the swelling Nile.

"Great Nation! that canst spurn
The Gold that in Earth's bosom hidden lies

(Wisely there hid) unlike the base who turn
To uses vile of sordid avarice
The temple's spoil, fearless your hosts send forth
To India's sun-scorched wastes, or the cloud-mantled
North.

"Strong sons of Rome, to you my law I speak.
Trust not your fortunes or your strength; nor seek,
Blinded by filial piety, once more
The sentenced walls of Ilion to restore.
If e'er again 'neath some ill-omened star
She rises, I, Jove's sister, I, his wife,
'Gainst her will lead the armies of my war,
Closing in new-lit flames her new-lit life.

Should Phoebus thrice rebuild each wall, each gate,
Thrice shall my Argives raze them to the plain,
Each widow thrice, captive and desolate,
Bewail her orphaned babes, her husband slain."

Cease, sportive Lyre!—not thine
Mated with Gods their counsels to explore.
Fold, Muse of mine, those wings too frail to soar,
Nor mock with mortal lips the voice Divine.

Ode III, 3 De Vere

*"Justum et tenacem propositi virum, non Mente quatit solida,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;"*

The upright man who's steady to his Trust
Inflexible to Ill and obstinately just
Not e'en the red right arm of thundering Jove
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move.

PART OF THE SAME ODE. ANOTHER
VERSION

The man of firm and noble soul
No factious clamours can controul;
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
Can swerve him from his just intent:
Gales the warring waves which plough,
By Auster on the billows spent,
To curb the Adriatic main,
Would awe his fix'd, determined mind in vain.
Aye, and the red right arm of Jove,
Hurling his lightnings from above,
With all his terrors there unfurl'd,
He would, unmov'd, unaw'd, behold;
The flames of an expiring world,
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd,
Might light his glorious funeral pile:
Still dauntless midst the wreck of earth he'd smile.
Ode III, 3 Bynon

TO AUGUSTUS.

A proposal was made to the Senate to ransom the Roman soldiers who had been taken captive by the Parthians. Horace opposes this. He introduces a speech by Regulus and cites the conduct of that noble, who gave up his life for his country. The Ode is ranked among Horace's best; but does not make a ready appeal to the modern reader.

Jove rules the skies, his thunder wielding:
Augustus Caesar, thou on earth shalt be



AUGUSTUS
FROM AN ANTIQUE BUST

PART OF THE SAME ODE. ANOTHER
VERSION

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No factious clamours can controul;
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AUGUSTUS
FROM AN ANTIQUE BUST

Enthroned a present Deity;
Britons and Parthian hordes to Rome their proud
necks yielding.

Woe to the Senate that endures to see
(O fire extinct of old nobility!)
The soldier dead to honour and to pride
Ingloriously abide
Grey-headed mate of a Barbarian bride,
Freeman of Rome beneath a Median King:

Woe to the land that fears to fling
Its curse, not ransom, to the slave
Forgetful of the shield of Mars,
Of Vesta's unextinguished flame,
Of Roman garb, of Roman name;
The base unpitied slave who dares
From Rome his forfeit life to crave:
In vain;—Immortal Jove still reigns on high:
Still breathes in Roman hearts the Spirit of Liberty.

With warning voice of stern rebuke
Thus Regulus the Senate shook:
He saw, prophetic, in far days to come,
The heart corrupt, and future doom of Rome.
"These eyes," he cried, "these eyes have seen
Unbloodied swords from warriors torn,
And Roman standards nailed in scorn
On Punic shrines obscene;
Have seen the hands of freeborn men
Wrenched back and bound; th' unguarded gate;

And fields our war laid desolate
By Romans tilled again.

"What! will the gold-enfranchised slave
Return more loyal and more brave?

Ye heap but loss on crime!
The wool that Cretan dyes disdain
Can ne'er its virgin hue regain:
And valour fallen and disgraced
Revives not in a coward breast
Its energy sublime.

"The stag released from hunter's toils
From the dread sight of man recoils.
Is he more brave than when of old
He ranged his forest free? Behold
In him your soldier! He has knelt
To faithless foes; he too has felt
The knotted cord; and crouched beneath
Fear, not of shame, but death.

"He sued for peace tho' vowed to war:
Will such men, girt in arms once more,
Dash headlong on the Punic shore?
No! they will buy their craven lives
With Punic scorn and Punic gyves.
O mighty Carthage, rearing high
Thy fame upon our infamy,
A city, aye, an empire built
On Roman ruins, Roman guilt!"
From the chaste kiss, and wild embrace
Of wife and babes he turned his face,

A man self-doomed to die;
Then bent his manly brow, in scorn,
Resolved, relentless, sad, but stern,
To earth, all silently;
Till counsel never heard before
Had nerved each wavering Senator;
Till flushed each cheek with patriot shame,
And surging rose the loud acclaim;—
Then, from his weeping friends, in haste,
To exile and to death he passed.

He knew the tortures that Barbaric hate
Had stored for him. Exulting in his fate
With kindly hand he waved away
The crowds that strove his course to stay.
He passed from all, as when in days of yore,
His judgment given, thro' client throngs he pressed
In glad Venafrian fields to seek his rest,
Or Greek Tarentum on the Southern shore.

Ode III, 5 De Vere

TO THE ROMANS

This Ode is an eloquent and bitter denunciation of the luxury and degeneracy of the age, which Horace ascribes to the neglect of religion. He refers to the heredity of degeneration.

The shadow of ancestral guilt shall fall,
Roman! on thee and thine,
Till thou rebuild'st the temple's crumbling wall
And rear'st again within the shrine
Those marble Gods smoke-stained, those effigies Divine.

12 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Jove gives us power to rule while we confess
His rule supreme o'er all. 'Twas thus we rose:
As justly shall they fall who dare transgress
That law eterne. Innumerable woes
Wronged Gods have sent us. Twice Monaeses' spear
Shattered our ill-starred legions' mad career,
And twice Barbarians laughed in scorn
When flashed from Parthian torques rich gems from
Romans torn;

Fleets manned by Egypt's dusky hosts
Shadowed our Latian coasts:
Once, rent by factious rage, Rome naked lay
Before the Dacians' shafts an unresisting prey.

Fertile of sin a race accurst
Defiled the sacred hearth and home;
From that foul source the tempest burst
That sapped the strength of Rome.

The arts depraved of guilty life
Corrupt the maid: the faithless wife
Betrays her own, her husband's fame;—
Falsar than all he traffics in her shame!

Not from such parents spring
Soldiers like those who drave
Afric's fierce son o'er the blood-darkened wave,—
Who smote great Pyrrhus and the Syrian King.

Such were the men of old, a hardy brood,
Trained from their youth to wield the Sabine spade,
To fetch the fagot from the neighbouring wood
Obedient to a mother's voice severe,



"Damnosa quid non imminuit dies!
Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos,
Progeniem vitiosiore."

ODE III, 6.

Time alters all things in his pace,
Each Century new Vices owns;
Our Fathers bore an impious Race
And we shall have more wicked Sons.

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What time the sun
Threw from far-distant hills a lengthened shade,
Lifting the yoke from the o'er-laboured steer,
Saying, as sank his orb, " Rejoice, thy task is done."
An age degenerate and base
Piles, as it wastes, disgrace upon disgrace.
We, nursed in crime, in folly bred,
Transmit our fathers' taint, the subtle poison spread,
Beget a progeny still worse,
And heap on endless years an ever-deepening curse.

Ode III, 6 De Vere

" *Damnosa quid non, imminuit dies ?*"

How Time doth in its flight debase
Whate'er it finds !

" *Aetas parentum, peior avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*"

Our fathers' race,
More deeply versed in ill
Than were their sires, hath borne us yet
More wicked, duly to beget
A race more vicious still.

AGAINST THE TURBULENCE AND DEGENERACY OF THE PEOPLE.

This Ode is one of serious and impassioned protest against the turbulence and license of the People, and the covetousness and the degeneracy of the Rich. The first three stanzas, which we omit, deal with the familiar idea that money can not secure one from death and that they have a better lot who lead the pastoral life and possess the homely virtues of kindness, charity and domestic love. The poet then appeals to the Roman people:

14 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Breathes there a Patriot brave and strong
Would right his erring country's wrong,
Would heal her wounds, and quell her rage?
Let him with noble daring first
Curb Faction's tyranny accurst!

So may some future age
Grave on his bust with pious hand
"The Father of his native land:"
Virtue yet living we despise,
Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

Cease, idle wail!
The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
How vain the laws by man ordained
If Virtue's law be unsustained!
A second sin is yours! The sand
Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
Call with one voice to wrinkled Avarice:
He hears: he fears nor toil, nor sword, nor sea,
He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

Forth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
Your precious gems, your wealth untold;
Into the seas, or Temple, fling
Your vile unprofitable gold.
Romans! Repent, and from within
Eradicate your darling sin:
Repent! and from your bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.



"Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus."

ODE III, 2.

True Virtue thus not knowing base Retreat
With pure untainted Honors shineth fair.

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Eradicate your darling sin:
Repent! and from your bosom tear
The sordid shame that festers there.



"Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus."

ODE III, 2.

True Virtue thus not knowing base Retreat
With pure untainted Honors shineth fair.

Bid your degenerate boys to learn
 In rougher schools a lesson stern:—
 The high-born youth mature in vice
 Pursues his vain and reckless course,
 Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
 But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse:
 His perjured sire, with jealous care,
 Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
 Despised, disgraced, supremely blest
 Cheating his partner, friend and guest.
 Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
 But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

Ode III, 24 De Vere

*"Virtutem incolumem odimus,
 Sublatam ex oculis quaerimus invidi."*

Virtue yet living we despise,
 Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

*"Quid leges sine moribus
 Vanae proficiunt?"*

What avail laws without Righteousness?

TO JULUS ANTONIUS: IN PRAISE OF PINDAR

Horace is supposed to have written an epic poem, and his friend Julius advises him to celebrate the deeds of Augustus in the manner of Pindar. Horace in the present Ode replies, acclaiming the genius of the Greek poet, but saying that he has not Pindar's talent. He suggests to Julius Antonius to try his hand at singing Caesar's praise. That part of this Ode which celebrates Pindar is, says De Vere, one of the best specimens of Horace's style, and De Vere has rendered it beautifully.

The bard who Pindar's lyre would emulate
 Like Icarus on waxen pinions tries
 To scale the infinite skies;
 He shares the boaster's fate,
 Thro' blazing ether drops, and in mid-ocean dies.

As some great river, issuing from the snows
 Of peaks far distant, thundering downward flows,
 And, swoln by mountain streams or cloud-born rain
 Pours its full volume broadening o'er the plain,—
 Such Pindar's song.
 To him, to him of right belong
 Apollo's laurels, and to him alone;
 Whether in strains as yet unknown
 And numbers loosed from law he flings
 Abroad his daring Dithyrambs, or sings
 Of Gods, and Kings who by just doom subdued
 The Centaur race, and quenched Chimera's flame in
 blood,
 Or grants to those whose wreathed forehead wears
 Victorious palms at Elis won,
 Wrestler, or runner, athlete, charioteer,
 A gift more precious than the sculptured stone,
 One leaflet from his own bright bays,
 A nation's worship and a Poet's praise.

At times in softer strain
 Waking the lyre again
 He bids the sweet and solemn chords to mourn
 The bridegroom from his loved one torn;

His fearless heart, his spotless truth,
 The golden promise of his youth;
 From Orcus rends the expected prize,
 And wafts the enfranchised spirit to the skies.

Large airs from Heaven with strength resistless fill
 The wings of Dirce's swan. Sublime and free
 He cleaves the clouds. I, like the bee
 That on the slope of the Matinian hill
 Sucks the wild thyme, laboriously
 By Tibur's woods and Tibur's crystal rill
 The garnered sweets of Poesy distill.

Antonius, thou with bolder hand
 Shalt strike the harp, and Caesar sing ascending
 The Capitol, beneath his strong yoke bending
 Bound to his wheels the fierce Sygambrian band,—
 Caesar the laurel-crowned, the good, the great,
 Gift of benignant Gods, and pitying Fate:
 Shalt sing the public games ordained
 For Caesar safe, and peace regained,
 The forum mute, and civil concord won.
 I, if with feebler lips such strains accord,
 Will shout aloud "All Hail, thou glorious Sun!
 Shine forth on Caesar to his Rome restored!"
 Hark! as he moved, the jubilant sound
 "Io Triumphe" swells around
 On clouds of incense borne to summits temple-crowned.
 Be thine large gifts of votive kine to bring:
 Mine be a humbler offering,

A weanling that in frolic play
 Wantons his youthful hours away,
 Tawny; upon his brow one spot snow-white,
 His horns like crescent moon thrice risen upon the
 night.

Ode IV, 2 De Vere

IN PRAISE OF DRUSUS, STEP-SON OF
 AUGUSTUS

"We have here," says Davidson, "an Ode which was written by the order of Augustus, and it is evident, from the Grandeur and Nobleness of the Verse, that Horace does all in his Power not to fall short of the Honour which that great Prince had done him, in laying this Command upon him. There is none of the Compositions in which he has made a nearer Approach to the Height and Majesty of Pindar."

This is inflated praise, yet the poem is ranked high. It seems to a modern reader involved and stilted, in spite of its notable passages.

Drusus was a step-son of Augustus, a son of Livia and descendant of Claudius Nero, who defeated Hasdrubal, brother of Hannibal, and ended the Carthaginian invasion of Italy. As a young man of twenty-three he defeated the Vindelici, a German tribe living to the north of Italy. Hence this Ode. It closes with a speech by Hannibal, admitting the unconquerable spirit and strength of the Roman nation.

Like as the thunder-bearing bird
 (On whom o'er all the fowls of air
 Dominion was by Jove conferred,
 Because with loyal care
 He bore away to heaven young Ganymede the fair),
 Whom native vigor and the rush
 Of youth have spurred to quit the nest,

And skies of blue in springtide's flush
 Entice aloft to breast
 The gales he feared before his lordly plumes were
 drest,

Now swooping, eager for his prey,
 Spreads havoc through the fluttered fold,—
 Straight, fired by love of food and fray,
 In grapple fierce and bold
 The struggling dragons rends e'en in their rocky hold:

Or like the lion's whelp, but now
 Weaned from his tawny mother's side,
 By tender kidling on the brow
 Of some green slope espied,
 Whose unfleshed teeth she knows will in her blood
 be dyed;

So dread, so terrible in war
 Our noble Drusus showed, when through
 The Rhaetian Alpine glens afar
 His conquering eagles flew,
 And swiftly the appalled Vindelici o'erthrew.
 Whence came their custom—in the night
 Of farthest time it flourished there—
 With Amazonian axe to fight,
 To question I forbear;
 Nor anything to know, may any mortal dare;
 But this I know; their hosts, that still,
 Where'er they came, victorious fought,
 In turn by that young hero's skill

Revanquished, have been taught
 To feel what marvels may of enterprise be wrought,
 By valiant heart and vigorous head
 In home auspicious trained to power,
 What by the noble spirit fed
 In Nero's sons by our
 Augustus, who on them a father's care did shower.
 'Tis of the brave and good alone
 That good and brave men are the seed;
 The virtues which their sires have shown,
 Are found in steer and steed;
 Nor do the eagles fierce the gentle ringdove breed.
 Yet training quickens power inborn,
 And culture nerves the soul for fame;
 But he must live a life of scorn,
 Who bears a noble name,
 Yet blurs it with the soil of infamy and shame.
 What thou, Rome, dost the Neros owe,
 Let dark Metaurus' river say,
 And Hasdrubal, thy vanquished foe,
 And that auspicious day,
 Which through the scattered gloom broke forth with
 smiling ray.
 When joy again to Latium came,
 Nor longer through her towns at ease
 The fatal Lybian swept, like flame
 Among the forest trees,
 Or Eurus' headlong gust across Sicilian seas.

Thenceforth, for with success they toiled,
 Rome's youth in vigour waxed amain,
 And temples, ravaged and despoiled,
 By Punic hordes profane,
 Upraised within their shrines beheld their gods again.
 Till spoke false Hannibal at length:
 "Like stags, of ravening wolves the prey,
 Why rush to grapple with their strength,
 From whom to steal away
 The loftiest triumph is, they leave for us to-day?
 "That race, inflexible as brave,
 From Ilium quenched in flames, who bore
 Across the wild Etruscan wave
 Their babes, their grandsires hoar,
 And all their sacred things, to the Ausonian shore;
 "Like oak, by sturdy axes lopped
 Of all its boughs, which once the brakes
 Of shaggy Algidus o'ertopped,
 Its loss its glory makes,
 And from the very steel fresh strength and spirit takes.
 "Not Hydra, cleft through all its trunk,
 With fresher vigour waxed and spread,
 Till even Alcides' spirit shrunk;
 Nor yet hath Colchis dread,
 Or Echionean Thebes more fatal monster bred.
 "In ocean plunge it, and more bright
 It rises; scatter it, and lo!
 Its unscathed victors it will smite

With direful overthrow,
And Rome's proud dames shall tell of many a
routed foe.

"No messengers in boastful pride
Shall I to Carthage send again;
Our every hope, it died, it died,
When Hasdrubal was slain,
And with his fall our name's all-conquering star did
wane."

No peril, but the Claudian line
Will front and master it, for they
Are shielded by Jove's grace divine,
And counsels sage alway
Their hosts through war's rough paths successfully
convey!

Ode IV, 4 Martin

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
..... neque inbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilae columbam."

The brave are born of the brave . . . the fierce eagle
does not breed the peaceful dove.

"Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant."

Teaching brings out innate powers, and right discipline
strengthens character.

"Ut cumque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpa."

Whenever morals chance to fail, defects disfigure minds
whose birth is good.

"Nec scire fas est omnia."

It is not permitted us to know all things.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE: THE BLESSED ISLES

This Epode was written when Horace was about twenty-five, after the battle of Philippi, and his return to Rome. The Republic had fallen and Augustus had begun war against Mark Antony. The country was threatened by foes without and dissension within.

"Another age ground down by civil strife;
Rome by her children impious and accurst,
Down trampled out of life."

Horace predicts the ruin of the nation,

"Amid her streets,—her temples nigh,—
The mountain wolf shall unmolested lie."

He asks what shall be done, and then invites the Roman people to leave their country and sail away to the Blessed Isles, as did the Phocaeans, to found a new race there. The plan seems highly poetic, and Scaliger even calls it absurd; but doubtless it was meant to be allegorical.

The Poet concludes with a description of the Blessed Isles, whose glowing imagery and beauty was never exceeded in his later Odes. Horace made his reputation by this poem. We print only the concluding description of the Islands, supposed to be either the Canaries or Madeira.

Forth, manly spirits, womanish tears disdain;
Forsake th' Etruscan shores, and dare the boundless
main!

Hence self-devoted go

Ye who love honour best:—

Visions of glory rush upon mine eyes:

Prophetic voices rise:—

See, see before us distant glow

Thro' the thin dawn-mists of the West

Rich sunlit plains and hill-tops gemmed with snow,

The Islands of the Blest!

There, the grey olive, year by year,
 Yields its unfailing fruitage; there the vine
 Ripens, unpruned, its clusters into wine;
 There figs, ungrafted, their russet harvest grow,
 And fields unploughed their wealth on man bestow;

There from the caverned ilex sere
 Wells the wild honey trickling slow;
 There herds and flocks unbidden bring
 At eve their milky offering;
 There from the crag's embattled steep
 The laughing waters leap.

No wolf around the sheepfold striding
 With nightly howl the sleeping lamb affrights;

No venom'd snakes obscurely gliding
 Sway the tall herbage; no destroying blights,
 Nor storm, nor flood, nor scorching suns, despoil,
 Such is the will of Jove, the teeming soil.

Blest summer shores, untrod
 By Jason or the Colchian sorceress,
 By Tyrian rover, or the wearied crew
 Of sage Ulysses in their dire distress!
 Merciful gift of a relenting God,
 Home of the homeless, preordained for you!
 Last vestige of the age of gold,
 Last refuge of the good and bold,
 From stars malign, from plague and tempest free,
 Far amid the Western waves a secret Sanctuary!

Epode, XVI De Vere

THE SECULAR HYMN

Early in the reign of Augustus the priests of the group which had long had the direction of certain games or festivals, announced that it was the will of the Gods that the *Ludi Saeculares* should be performed, and, as Lanciani says, "tried to prove that this festival had been held regularly at intervals of one hundred and ten years, which was supposed to be the length of a *saeculum*." Their claim was not well founded, but Augustus was pleased to accept the fiction, and the celebration was set for the summer of the year 17 B. C.

Of an inscribed pillar commemorating this celebration, seven fragments have been found. Lanciani says, "The fragments, fitted together, make a block three metres high, containing one hundred and sixty-eight minutely inscribed lines. This monument, now exhibited in the Baths of Diocletian, was in the form of a square pillar enclosed by a projecting frame, with base and capital of the Tuscan order, and it measured, when entire, four metres in height. I believe that there is no inscription among the thirty thousand collected in volume VI of the 'Corpus' which makes a more profound impression on the mind, or appeals more to the imagination than this official report of a state ceremony which took place over nineteen hundred years ago, and was attended by the most illustrious men of the age."

Line 148 of the inscription says that Horace wrote the hymn, which was sung by a chorus of boys and girls:

CARMEN COMPOSUIT Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS

This was the Secular Hymn which De Vere has so finely rendered.

Davidson says that before this hymn was sung, "Horace made two Odes to exhort the Chorus's to acquit themselves well in the Part they were to act, and to intreat Apollo to hear their Prayers, and do Honour to his Verse. The first is the twenty-first of Book first, and the other the sixth of Book fourth. Horace was at this Time in the Forty-ninth Year of his Age."

Phoebus! and Dian, thou whose sway
 Mountains and woods obey!
 Twin glories of the skies, for ever worshipped, hear!
 Accept our prayer this sacred year
 When, as the Sibyl's voice ordained
 For ages yet to come,
 Pure maids and youths unstained
 Invoke the Gods who love the seven-fold hills of Rome.

All-bounteous Sun!

Forever changing and forever one:
 Who in thy lustrous car bear'st forth the light,
 And hid'st it, setting, in the arms of Night,
 Look down on worlds outspread, yet nothing see
 Greater than Rome, and Rome's high sovereignty.

Thou, Ilithyia, too, whatever name,
 Goddess, thou dost approve,
 Lucina, Genitalis, still the same,
 Aid destined mothers with a mother's love;
 Prosper the Senate's wise decree,
 Fertile of marriage faith and countless progeny!
 As centuries progressive wing their flight
 For thee the grateful hymn shall ever sound;
 Thrice by day, and thrice by night,
 For thee the choral dance shall beat the ground.

Fates! whose unfailing word
 Spoken from lips Sibylline shall abide,
 Ordained, preserved, and sanctified
 By Destiny's eternal law, accord
 To Rome new blessings that shall last

In chain unbroken from the Past.
 Mother of fruits and flocks, prolific Earth!
 Bind wreaths of spiked corn round Ceres' hair:
 And may soft showers and Jove's benignant air
 Nurture each infant birth!

Lay down thine arrows, God of day!
 Smile on thy youths elect who singing pray.
 Thou, Crescent Queen, bow down thy star-crown'd
 head,
 And on thy youthful choir a kindly influence shed.
 If Rome be all your work—if Troy's sad band
 Safe-spiced by you attained the Etruscan strand,
 A chosen remnant, vowed
 To seek new Lares and a changed abode—
 Remnant for whom thro' Ilion's blazing gate
 Aeneas, orphan of a ruined State,
 Opened a pathway wide and free
 To happier homes and liberty:—
 Ye Gods! if Rome be yours, to placid Age
 Give timely rest: to docile Youth
 Grant the rich heritage
 Of morals, modesty, and truth.
 On Rome herself bestow a teeming race
 Wealth, Empire, Faith, and all befitting Grace.
 Vouchsafe to Venus' and Anchises' heir,
 Who offers at your shrine
 Due sacrifice of milk-white kine,
 Justly to rule, to pity, and to dare,
 To crush insulting hosts, the prostrate foeman spare.

28 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

The haughty Mede has learnt to fear
The Alban axe, the Latian spear,
And Scythians, suppliant now, await
The conqueror's doom, their coming fate.
Honour and Peace, and Pristine Shame,
And Virtue's oft dishonoured name,
Have dared, long exiled, to return,
And with them Plenty lifts her golden horn.

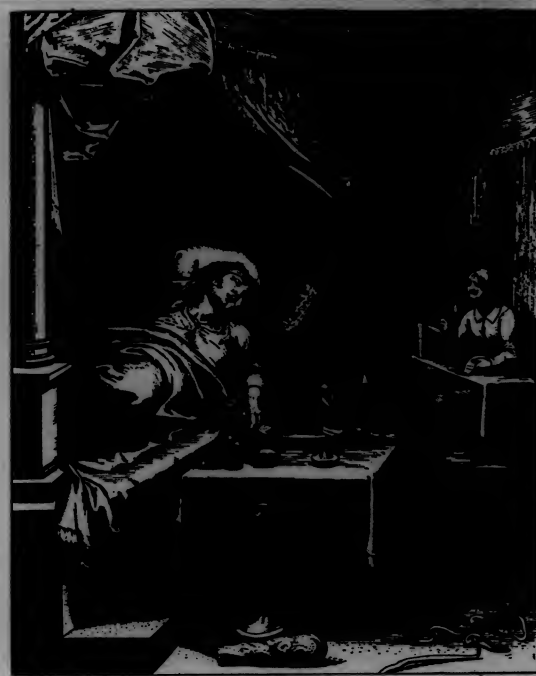
Augur Apollo! Bearer of the bow!
Warrior and Prophet! Loved one of the Nine!
Healer in sickness! Comforter in woe!
If still the templed crags of Palatine
And Latium's fruitful plains to thee are dear,
Perpetuate for cycles yet to come,
Mightier in each advancing year,
The ever-growing might and majesty of Rome.
Thou, too, Diana, from thine Aventine,
And Algidus' deep woods, look down and hear
The voice of those who guard the books Divine,
And to thy youthful choir incline a loving ear.

Return we home! We know that Jove
And all the Gods our song approve
To Phoebus and Diana given:
The virgin hymn is heard in Heaven.

De Vere

Moralities

Poems Somewhat Philosophical and Ethical



"Quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinae particulam aurae."
SAT. II, 2.

The body clogged with crude excess,
Which fumes of yesterday's debauch oppress,
Forbids the glowing spirit to aspire
And chains to earth the spark of heavenly fire.



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TO DELLIUS

History paints Dellius as a shameless and treacherous man. He served under Cassius and Brutus, then under Mark Antony; but finally came over to the side of Augustus. As he was finally received and honored by Caesar and addressed by Horace, perhaps he had some merit.

The first verse of this Ode contains the favorite Horatian philosophy about Equanimity and the certain coming of death. This is followed by a descriptive passage of great beauty. Dryden made a beautiful translation of the Ode, except for the first stanza. This is so flat and puerile that it spoils the reader for the rest. We have substituted De Vere's introduction. The Latin lines are much better than the English at its best.

Be mindful thou, when storms of adverse fate
Encompass thee, to meet still unsubdued

Their worst with manly fortitude:

When Fortune, fickle Deity,
Smiles once again, grateful yet unelate
Accept the gift, Dellius' foredoomed to die.

Be thy Lot good, or be it ill,
Life ebbs out at the same rate still:
Whether with busie Cares opprest,
You wear the sullen time away;
Or whether to sweet Ease and Rest,
You sometimes give a day;
Carelessly laid,
Underneath a friendly shade
By Pines, and Poplars, mixt embraces made;
Near a River's sliding Stream,
Fetter'd in sleep, bless'd with a Golden Dream.

Here, here, in this much envied state,
 Let every Blessing on thee wait;
 Bid the Syrian Nard be brought,
 Bid the Hidden Wine be sought,
 And let the Roses short-liv'd Flower,
 The smiling Daughter of an Hour,
 Flourish on thy Brow:
 Enjoy the very, very now!
 While the good Hand of Life is in,
 While yet the Fatal Sisters spin.

A little hence my Friend, and Thou
 Must into other hands resign
 Thy Gardens and thy Parks, and all that now
 Bears the pleasing name of Thine!
 Thy Meadows, by whose planted Tides,
 Silver Tyber gently glides!
 Thy pleasant Houses; all must go,
 The Gold that's hoarded in 'em too;
 A jolly Heir shall set it free,
 And give th' Imprison'd Monarchs Liberty.

Nor matters it, what Figure here,
 Thou dost among thy Fellow Mortals bear;
 How thou wert born, or how begot;
 Impartial Death matters it not:
 With what Titles Thou dost shine,
 Or who was First of all thy Line:
 Life's vain amusements! amidst which we dwell;
 Not weigh'd, nor understood, by the grim God of Hell!

In the Same Road (alas!) All Travel on!
 By All alike, the Same sad Journy must be gone!
 Our blended Lots together lie,
 Mingled in One common Urn;
 Sooner or Later out they fly:
 The fatal Boat then wafts us to the Shore,
 Whence we never shall return,
 Never!—never more!

Ode II, 3 De Vere and Dryden

*"Aequam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem."*

Remember to keep a calm spirit in adverse circumstances.

*"Qua . . . obliquo laborat
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo."*

Where the swift-flowing stream strives to hasten down its winding channel.

The last phrase above has often been quoted to show that Horace was a real poet.

*"Omnium
 Versatur urna serius ocios
 Sors exitura."*

The lots of all are shaken in the urn to come forth sooner or later.

TO SALLUST

Sallust was a grand-nephew of Sallust the historian, a rich man, in favor with Augustus. The poem contains the scripture injunction: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." Proculeius was a Roman of rank, who treated his family kindly. The Ode is not an important one; but contains phrases often quoted.

Sallust, no gloss adorns that gold
 Which lies beneath the jealous mould

36 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Nor doth it shine, save when unrolled
For temp'rate needs.

Renown shall Proculeius know,
Who did a father's love bestow
On brothers. Now, Fame's trump shall blow,
His deathless deeds.

If fierce ambition you'll restrain,
You'll rule a more enlarged domain
Than Libya, the twin Carthage, Spain
All fused in one.

Dropsy, by self-indulgence grows,
Nor will thirst cease, till outward flows
The fluid weight, whence sickness shows
Its day is done.

Though raised to mighty Cyrus' throne,
Virtue doth Phrastes crime bemoan,
Despite the people, nor doth own
Him blest in days;

But deems that man, 'gainst public vote,
The fittest king on whom to doat,
Whose eye on wealth doth never gloat,
Nor turn to gaze.

Ode II, 2 Ordranax

*"Nullus argento color, . . . Nisi temperato
Splendeat usu."*

There is no brilliancy on silver save as it shines from moderate
use.



*"Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis, et aquosus albo
Corpore languor."*

ODE II, 2.

The Dropsy, by indulgence nursed,
Pursues us with increasing Thirst,
Till Art expels the Cause, and drains
The watery Languor from our Veins.

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*"Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas."*

You rule more widely by controlling a covetous spirit, than if the whole world obeyed you.

TO LICINIUS MURENA

Licinius was one of the leading citizens of Rome and a brother-in-law of Maecenas. He did not take the safe course in life here advised. He conspired against Augustus and was put to death. This was later. This Ode is called "Incomparable" by the sympathetic critics of Horace. It has been done into English with wonderful skill by Cowper. The poem is full of maxims; though they did Licinius no good, and his career justifies the appended reflections of Cowper.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's power;
Not always tempt the distant deep.
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side

His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky.

The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

Ode II, 10 Cowper

A Reflection on the Foregoing Ode

And is this all? Can Reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee:
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where Duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

Cowper

*"Saepius ventis agitur ingens
Pinus."*

The tall pine is more often stirred by the winds.

*"Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."*

If things are now ill, they will not always be so.

*"Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo."*

Apollo is not always bending his bow.

TO POSTUMUS

It is strange that a cheerful and good-natured man like Horace should dwell so often on the inevitable approach of age and death. But he is always brief, and always treats the subject in a new way. Dryden has translated this Ode and made of it an elaborate funeral hymn. We prefer De Vere's version. The original is full of references to the more unpleasant characters in Hell. Postumus does not seem to have been a person of importance.

Alas, my Postumus, our years
Glide silently away. No tears,
No loving orisons repair
The wrinkled cheek, the whitening hair
That drop forgotten to the tomb:
Pluto's inexorable doom
Mocks at thy daily sacrifice:
Around his dreary kingdom lies
That fatal stream whose arms infold
The giant race accurst of old;
All, all alike must cross its wave,
The king, the noble, and the slave.
In vain we shun the battle roar,
And breakers dashed on Adria's shore:

Vainly we flee in terror blind
 The plague that walketh on the wind:
 The sluggish river of the dead,
 Cocytus, must be visited,
 The Danaid's detested brood,
 Foul with their murdered husbands' blood,
 And Sisyphus with ghastly smile
 Pointing to his eternal toil.
 All must be left; thy gentle wife,
 Thy home, the joys of rural life:
 And when thy fleeting days are gone
 Th' ill-omened cypresses alone
 Of all thy fondly cherished trees
 Shall grace thy funeral obsequies,
 Cling to thy loved remains, and wave
 Their mournful shadows o'er thy grave.
 A lavish, but a nobler heir
 Thy hoarded Caecuban shall share,
 And on the tessellated floor
 The purple nectar madly pour,
 Nectar more worthy of the halls
 Where pontiffs hold high festivals.

Ode II, 14 De Vere

*"Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
 Labuntur anni."*

Alas, the fleeting years glide by, Postumus, O, Postumus.

*"Linguenda tellus, et domus, et placens
 Uxor."*

Lands, home and beloved wife must all be left.

TO GROSPHUS

"Horace, in this Ode, proceeds upon the Principles of the Epicurean Philosophy, and represents Tranquility of Mind, and an Exemption from irregular Passions, as the highest Degree of Happiness a Man can possibly arrive at." Thus speaks Davidson.

Grosphus, to whom the poem was written, was a Knight and a friend of Horace.

Ease is the weary merchant's prayer,
 Who ploughs by night the Aegean flood,
 When neither moon nor stars appear,
 Or faintly glimmer through the cloud.

For ease the Mede with quiver graced,
 For ease the Thracian hero sighs;
 Delightful ease all pant to taste,
 A blessing which no treasure buys.

For neither gold can lull to rest,
 Nor all a Consul's guard beat off
 The tumults of a troubled breast,
 The cares that haunt a gilded roof.

Happy the man whose table shows
 A few clean ounces of old plate;
 No fear intrudes on his repose,
 No sordid wishes to be great.

Poor short-lived things! what plans we lay!
 Ah, why forsake our native home;

To distant climates speed away?
For self sticks close where'er we roam.

Care follows hard, and soon o'ertakes
The well-rigg'd ship, the warlike steed;
Her destined quarry ne'er forsakes—
Not the wind flies with half her speed.

From anxious fears of future ill
Guard well the cheerful, happy now;
Gild even your sorrows with a smile;
No blessing is unmix'd below.

Thy neighing steeds and lowing herds,
Thy numerous flocks around thee graze,
And the best purple Tyre affords
Thy robe magnificent displays.

On me indulgent Heaven bestow'd
A rural mansion, neat and small;
This lyre;— and as for yonder crowd—
The happiness to hate them all.

Ode II, 16 Cowper

*"Patriae quis exul
Se quoque fugit?"*

Who, an exile from this country,
Escapes himself also?

*"Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum."*

Nothing is blessed in every point.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO

Pollio was a successful warrior serving under Julius Caesar; but he retired from active service and became best known as an orator, historian and poet. He was, perhaps, the most eminent of Horace's friends. Maclean, usually so frigid, shows a little more warmth over this piece, as well for its poetic beauty as for its moralities. The poem is an expression of a high type of religious feeling and philosophy of life. It inculcates, says De Vere, reverence, submission, frugality, industry and resignation. Such announcement need not frighten away the modern pueros virginesque. It has beautiful descriptive passages, and the translator has put it into eloquent and inspiring language.

Parts of this poem have been done so well by Cowley that we print them also.

Away, ye herd profane!
Silence! let no unhallow'd tongue
Disturb the sacred rights of song,
Whilst I, the High Priest of the Nine
For youths and maids alone entwine
A new and loftier strain.

Nations before their Monarchs bow;
Jove, who from Heaven the giants hurled,
Rules over kings, and moves the world
With the majestic terrors of his brow.

Follies perverse of mortal life!
Insane ambition, futile strife!
One vainly brags a happier skill
His vines to range, his glebes to till;
Another boasts his nobler name,

His client throngs, his purer fame:

Poor fools, inexorable Fate

Deals equal law to small and great,
Shaking the urn from which allotted fly
Joy, pain, life, death, despair and victory.

To him above whose impious head

Th' avenging sword impends,

Sicilian feasts no joy impart;

Nor bird, nor lute, nor minstrel art

His vigil charms. Upon his bed

No healing dew of innocent sleep descends.

Sleep hovers with extended wing

Above the roof where Labour dwells;

Or where the river murmuring

Ripples beneath the beechen shade;

Or where in Tempe's dells

No sound but Zephyr's breath throbs through the
sylvan glade.

The humble man who nought requires

Save what sufficed his frugal sires

Laughs at the portents vain

Of fierce Arcturus' sinking star,

Or rising Haedus; sees afar

Unmoved the raging main;

Content though farms their fruits deny,

Though shattered vineyards prostrate lie,

Though floods and frost the fields despoil,

Or hot suns rend the arid soil,

Contented still to live and toil.

The lord of wide domains

Unsated still his ample bound disdains,

And through the bosom of the deep

Drives the huge mole, down-flinging heap on heap.

The finny race behold the new-born land

Amazed, see towers arise, and fields expand,

And 'mid his hireling crew th' usurper stand.

Proudly he stands; but at his side

Terror still dogs the steps of pride:

Behind the horseman sits black Care,

And o'er the brazen trireme bends Despair.

Not marble from the Phrygian mine,

Nor robes star-bright, Falemian wine,

Nor Achaemenian balm,

Can soothe the weary heart opprest,

Or still the tumult of the breast

With one brief moment's calm.

Then, wherefore change my Sabine home,

Where Envy dwells not, life is free,

For pillared gate, and lofty dome,

And the dull load of luxury?

Ode III, 1 De Vere

"Post equitem sedet atra Cura."

Black Care sits behind the horseman.

*"Destructus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem."*

Not even Sicilian banquets have a pleasant savour for the
wicked man over whose head hangs a naked sword.

PASSAGES FROM THE SAME ODE,
COWLEY'S VERSION

DEATH

Ev'n so in the same land,
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand;
Alas! death mows down all with an impartial hand:
And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:
If ye your eyes could upwards move,
(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above.)
Ye would perceive by what a little thread
The sword still hangs over your head:
No tide of wine would drown your cares;
No mirth or music over-noise your fears:
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the image of it, Sleep.

SLEEP

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages:
"His poppy grows among the corn."
The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in their mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:
'Tis not enough; he must find quiet too.

TO CALLIOPE

This is Horace's longest Ode, and ranks with his best. Horace himself apparently wished it to represent the highest flight of his genius. The poet announces himself as a favorite of the Muses, who saved his life as a child and inspire him now. He portrays the victory of Jove over the Titans, by the help and counsel of the other wise gods, and proclaims the



MOUNT VULTURE, NEAR VENUSIUM WHERE HORACE WAS BORN
IN THE FORESTS ON THIS MOUNTAIN HE WAS ONCE LOST WHEN A CHILD

PASSAGES FROM THE SAME ODE,
COWLEY'S VERSION

DEATH

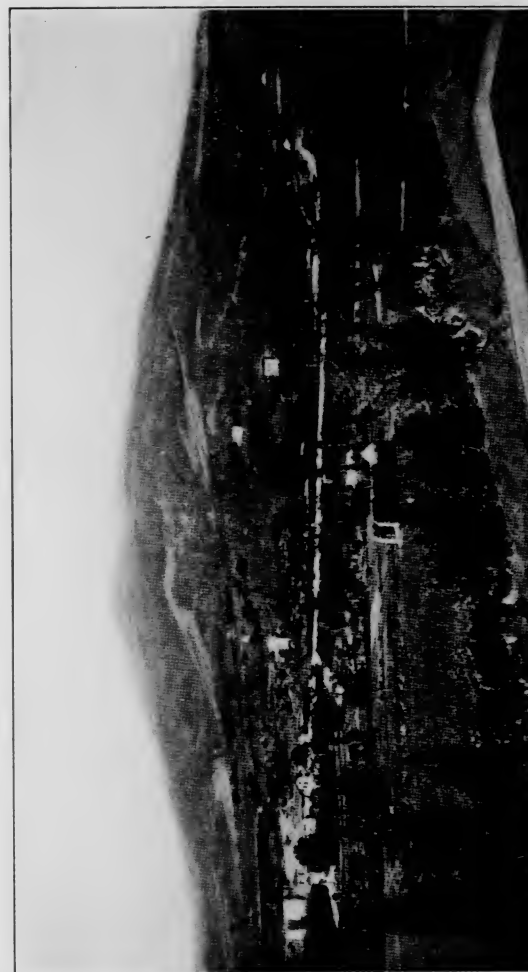
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MOUNT VULTURE, NEAR VENUSIUM WHERE HORACE WAS BORN
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truth that Force is useless without Wisdom to guide it. The application of this doctrine was being made by Augustus, who is thus indirectly praised.

Calliope, the Muse of Poetry, was the eldest and the Queen of the Muses.

Horace makes here many references to localities in which he lived and where he was born, and he introduces his important Deities: Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom; Juno, Goddess of the Household; Vulcan, a god of Industry; and Apollo, god of Light and of Poetry. The poem is apparently disconnected, but not really so. To indicate the different themes we have grouped certain stanzas together.

Descend from Heaven, Calliope, and bring
 The long-drawn breath of thy melodious flute,
 Or the wild throbbings of Apollo's lute;
 Or with uplifted voice th' heroic anthem sing!
 Is this some phantom sound that mocks mine ear?—
 'Tis she, the Muse! I hear, I hear
 The voice Divine. Methinks I rove
 Listening her song within some sacred grove
 Where through the branches summer breezes play
 And caverned streams in silence glide away.

Child of the Muse, on Voltur's steep
 Beyond Apulia's bounds I strayed:
 Wearied with sport I sank to sleep:—
 Doves, dear to legendary lore,
 From woodlands far fresh flowers and leaflets bore,
 And hid th' unconscious infant 'neath their shade.

In myrtle wrapped, close-veiled in bay,
 Secure from snakes and savage beasts I lay,

48 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

A fearless babe protected from on high
 Sleeping the innocent sleep of infancy;
 A miracle to all that dwell
 On Acherontia's mountain citadel,
 Or rich Ferentum's plain, or Bantia's forest dell.
 Uplifted by the Muses I explore
 The arduous summits of rude Sabine hills:
 Yours, and forever yours, I gaze
 On cool Praeneste, and the rills
 Of Tibur upturned to the noontide rays,
 And liquid Baiae on the Tyrrhene shore.
 So dear to you, Immortal Nine, is he,
 The bard who loves your fountains and your song,
 Philippi's headlong flight bore him unharmed along:
 You saved him from the falling tree
 And that Sicilian sea
 Where Palinurus' cliff blackens the stormy wave.
 Fearless with you my feet would brave
 Wild Bosphorus, Assyria's burning sand,
 Inhospitable Britain, and the land
 Of warlike Concans nursed on horses' blood,
 Gelonia's quivered hordes, and Scythia's frozen flood.

Caesar with warlike toils opprest
 In your Pierian cavern finds his rest,
 His weary legions citizens once more;
 While you, rejoicing pour
 Into his heart mild counsels from on high,
 Counsels of mercy, peace, and thoughtful piety.

Moralities

49

We know how Jove,
 Who rules with just command
 Cities and Nations, and the Gods above,
 The solid Earth, the Seas, and, down beneath,
 The ghostly throng that haunts the realms of death,
 Launched the swift thunder from his outstretcht
 hand,
 And down to darkness hurled the Titans' impious
 band.

Shuddered the Strong One at the sight
 One moment, when with giant might
 That Earth-born generation strove
 To pile up Pelion on Olympus' height,
 And scale the Heavens: but what bested
 Rhaetus, or Mimas, or Typhoeus dread,
 Porphyryon's towering form the Gods defying,
 Enceladus who as a spear could wield
 Uprooted pines? Amazed they fled
 Pallas with her echoing shield,
 Queen Juno, Vulcan burning for the fight,
 And him who by Castalia lying
 Bathes in the sacred fount his unbound hair;
 That God whose shoulders ever bear
 The Cynthian bow; Phoebus who honours still
 Delos, his natal isle, and Lycia's bosky hill.
 Power, reft of wisdom, falls by its own weight:
 Wisdom, made one with strength, th' Immortals
 bless,

And evermore exalt: they hate
Tyrannous force untempered, pitiless.

Diana's virgin dart
Drank the dark blood of Orion's heart;
And hundred-handed Gyas met his doom
Crushed 'neath the darkness of a living tomb.
Earth, heaped upon those buried Portents, mourns
Her monstrous sons. The insatiate flame
Forever under Etna burns,
Yet ne'er consumes its quivering frame:
Forever feasts the vulture brood
Remorseless upon Tityos' blood;
The lover base, Pirithous, complains
Forever 'neath the weight of his three hundred chains.

Ode III, 4 De Vere

"Vis consili expers mole ruit sua."

Strength devoid of judgment falls by its own weight.

TO MAECENAS

This Ode was written when Horace was about forty years old. "It is an invitation from the poet pressing his patron to pay him a visit at his farm." Such is the comment of the prosaic grammarian, Maclean.

It is one of Horace's greatest and most varied Odes, and contains the Horatian philosophy in its higher mood, says De Vere.

Dryden has made a singularly successful translation and we print it, though De Vere's breathes a deeper feeling.

Descended of an ancient line
That long the Tuscan sceptre swayed,

Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delayed:
The rosy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil that shall perfume thy hair.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, "Come
away!"

Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care;
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.
Leave for a while thy costly country-seat,
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great.

Make haste and come!
Come and forsake thy cloying store!
Thy turret that surveys from high
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome,
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn and fools adore.
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
of the poor!

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude and fit of poverty:
A savory dish, a homely treat
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high,
 The Syrian star
 Barks from afar,
 And, with his sultry breath, infects the sky;
 The ground below is parched, the heavens above
 us fry;
 The shepherd drives his fainting flock
 Beneath the covert of a rock,
 And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh:
 The sylvans to their shades retire;
 Those very shades and streams new shades and
 streams require,
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the
 raging fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
 And what the city factions dare,
 And what the Gallic arms will do,
 And what the quiver-bearing foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
 But God has wisely hid from human sight
 The dark decrees of future fate,
 And sown their seeds in depth of night.
 He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
 Where mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
 And put it out of fortune's power;
 The tide of business, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high and sometimes low,

A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
 And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it with impetuous force,
 And trunks of trees come rolling down,
 Sheep and their folds together drown;
 Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
 And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
 And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered
 honors mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call today his own:
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day!
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
 The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
 Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
 And what has been has been, and I have had my
 hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
 Does man, her slave, oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleased to bless;
 Still various, and unconstant still,
 But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,

And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away:
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd;
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
 If the mast split and threaten wreck?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain,
 And pray to gods, that will not hear,
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar;
 And, running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek,
 And see the storm ashore.

Ode III, 29 Dryden

*"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
 Caliginosa nocte premit deus."*

God wisely conceals in darkness the things time is to bring forth.

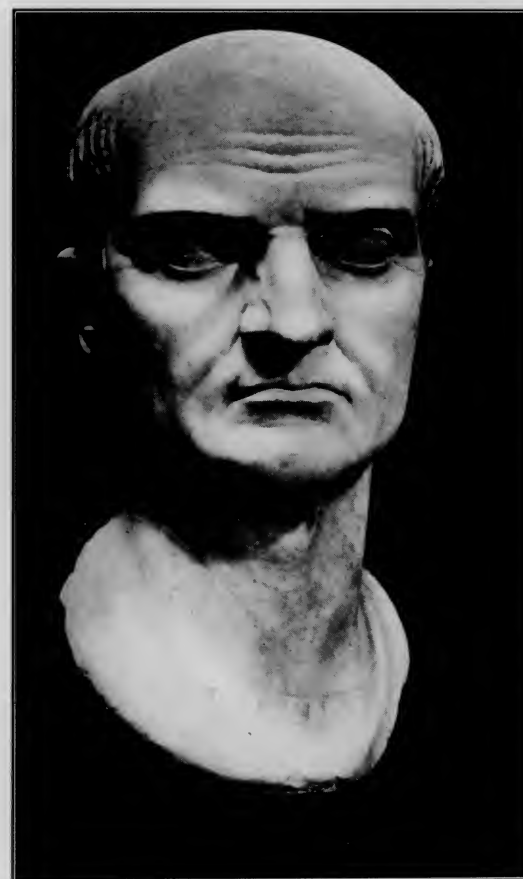
*"Ille potens sui
 Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
 Dixisse, Vixi."*

He shall continue master of himself and happy, to whom it is
 permitted each day to say, I have lived.

Poems Mainly Personal



MAECENAS, FROM AN ANTIQUE BUST



MAECENAS, FROM AN ANTIQUE BUST

TO MAECENAS

"Horace in this beautiful Ode shows the different inclinations of Men and his own in particular. It is plac'd first, as a Dedication of the Poet's Works to his Great Patron Maecenas, tho' composed after a great many of those that follow." Davidson.

The Ode was written when Horace was forty-one. It is not very interesting; but it has always been the first work of Horace presented to the school-boy and the opening line, "Maecenas atavis edite regibus," forms one of the tag-ends of most collegians' Latinity.

The translation selected was published under the title "Horace's Ghost," because it rather paraphrases than translates the original. But it is better than the real thing as put into English by other hands.

Gentle reader,—patron mine,
Born of old and patient line,

Some with eager zest embrace
Glories of the field and chase;
Covet these the athlete's prize,
Guerdon meet in lady's eyes;
Those, Ambition's clarion calls
To the Commons' storied halls,
Heart and Will by Fancy set
On the star and coronet;

Battle some for golden gain,
Gamers stored with Indian grain;
Him, the wealth Golconda yields

Tempts not from his father's fields,
 Far a-bound on ship to roam
 From the safety of his home;
 While another courts in vain
 Dull repose from wind and main,
 Praising Ease, to test anew
 Fragile freight and careless crew;
 Some the wine-cup's vigils keep;
 Some in busy daylight sleep
 By the crystal fountain's sheen,
 Or beneath the covert green;
 Blithe the soldier springs to arms,
 Vainly Beauty woos and charms,
 When the boar and tiger near
 Face the hunter's gun and spear.
 Godlike all our pleasures be,
 For the Lords of Earth are we.
 Ivi'd Muse of frolic song,
 Set me mid thy joyous throng;
 Do not all thy smiles deny
 To thy constant votary!
 Let me win the lowest place
 In thy dear and winsome grace,
 Happy then, and passion-free,—
 Earth has naught to offer me,

Ode I, 1 H. C. M.

*"Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici . . .
 Spernit."*

There are those who do not disdain cups of old wine.

TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT TO SAIL FOR GREECE

"We may look on this Ode as the last farewell of Horace to Virgil, when he embarked for Greece; and they never saw one another more. The first eight lines have something in them admirably tender, and the rest something very grand; for nothing can be more finished in its Kind than this Ode." Davidson.

Virgil was about fifty-two years old at this time and in feeble health. Horace was about six years younger. The second part of the Ode shows Horace to have been very conservative as to mechanical progress. He would not have liked automobiles or aeroplanes.

May she, th' all-potent Cyprian Queen,
 And those twin stars, fair Helen's brothers, guide
 Thy course, O ship, with ray serene.
 May he, the Father-God, who rules each wind,
 The warning tempests chide,
 And in his deep sea-cave all but lapyx bind.
 Reach safely the Athenian shore!
 Redeem thy pledge, swift galley, and restore
 My friend, my Virgil, half my soul, once more.

Strong oak and triple brass were round his breast
 Who in frail bark through surging waters first
 With heart undaunted burst,
 Nor feared conflicting storms that lashed the seas,
 Or the sad portent of the Hyades,
 Or Libyan blasts that curled or smoothed the crest
 Of Adrian waves;—who with untroubled eye

62 Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

Could mark the foul sea-monsters wallowing nigh,
And hear unmoved the sullen shocks
Of billows on th' ill-famed Ceraunian rocks!

A wise and kindly Deity
Spread Oceans vast between dissevered shores:
Man, reckless and profane,
O'erleaps their limits and explores
The wastes forbidden of the trackless main,
Daring to suffer, and to sin, for gain.

Fearless and insolent, by fraud malign,
Prometheus stole from Heaven the fire divine:
Then caught gaunt Famine:—then the poison-breath
Of Pestilence new-born hung brooding low,
Darkening the earth with baleful wings;—and Death
Remote erewhile and slow,
Through realms by sin left desolate
Moved on, a spectral form, with footsteps winged by
Fate.

Through air on wings to man denied
The Cretan captive led his hapless son:
The might of Hercules the Gods defied
And burst the fiery bonds of Acheron:
All guilt, all peril, in our pride we brave;
We storm the skies, and find the grave;
We, we ourselves, audacious, blind,
Drag down Jove's vengeful thunders on mankind.
Ode I, 3 De Vere

Personal

63

"*Nil mortalibus ardui est.*"

Nothing is too arduous for mortals.

"*Neque*

Per nostrum patimur scelus

Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina."

Nor do we on account of our wickedness let God lay aside his
wrath.

PART OF THE SAME ODE

We print here Dryden's translation of the first and last part
of this same Ode, for it is nobly done.

So may the auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred ship, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore:
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea.

And limping Death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Daedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail thin air;
To Hell Alcides forced his way,
Plunged through the lake and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

TO AGRIPPA

"Agrippa had probably upbraided Horace for never making
him the Subject of his Muse. The Poet excuses himself, and
says that Agrippa's Praises are no more than the outlines of

his Character, which would be a fit Subject for an Epic Poem, and require a second Homer to do him Justice. All this is expressed in a few Words, but ennobled with the Embellishments of the most sublime Poetry." Davidson.

Agrippa was an important man who had greatly distinguished himself as a general. He wanted Horace to write an Ode in his honor, and Horace does it, yet evades it. Evidently he did not care for Agrippa, for he could and did write in the high strain demanded by such occasions.

Varius was distinguished as an Epic poet.

In strains majestic, Varius, bard sublime,
The glories of thy conquering arm shall sing,
Thy feats on every wave, in every clime,
Borne on the plumes of the Maeonian wing.

These high exploits, or fierce Achilles' rage,
Daunt the faint warbling of my feeble lyre;
Daunt the long labors of the pilgrim sage:
Far humbler themes my humbler muse inspire.

She, all unconscious of the enraptured lays,
That swell the loudly-sounding strings along,
Nor thine presumes, nor Caesar's peerless praise,
With genius cold and unimpassion'd song.

What bard shall paint, unblest'd with Homer's strains,
In mail of adamant the son of Jove?
Merion, embrown'd with dust on Trojan plains?
Tydides, rival to the powers above?

Convivial joys my sportive muse requires,
The ravish'd kiss, the virgin's playful strife;
While, now at ease, now scorch'd with amorous fire,
Transition sweet! glides on my chequer'd life.

Ode I, 6 Wakefield

TO HIS SHIP

Davidson thinks that this poem is addressed to the ship that brought Horace to Rome, and is now taking some of his friends back to Greece.

O Ship of state,
Shall new winds bear you back upon the sea?
What are you doing? Seek the harbor's lee
Ere 'tis too late!

Do you bemoan
Your side was stripped of oarage in the blast?
Swift Africus has weakened, too, your mast;
The sailyards groan.

Of cables bare,
Your keel can scarce endure the lordly wave.
Your sails are rent; you have no gods to save,
Or answer pray'r.

Though Pontic pine,
The noble daughter of a far-famed wood,
You boast your lineage and title good,—
A useless line!

The sailor there
In painted sterns no reassurance finds;
Unless you owe derision to the winds,
Beware—beware!

My grief erewhile,
But now my care—my longing! shun the seas
That flow between the Cyclades,
Each shining isle.

Ode I, 14 R. M. Field

INVITATION TO TYNDARIS

"This Ode is done in such a Taste, as must highly please Tyndaris, not only because it is very natural, elegant, and full of easy flowing Images and Expressions, but likewise because Tyndaris is praised for her polite and elegant Education in so particular a Manner, as must distinguish her among her Sex."

De Vere speaks with less formality but more enthusiasm upon the perfection of this Ode. It is notable for this, that Tyndaris seems to have been a lady, not of the class with Phyllis and Chloe.

The God Pan, so Horace often says, loves to visit his fields, coming from Arcadia to Mount Lucretilis.

Swift-footed Faunus oft delights to roam
From snow-clad peaks of Arcady, and find
Here in my soft Lucretilis a home,
Where in sequestered brake
Safe from hot suns and pitiless wind
From ledge to ledge my nimble younglings climb,
Nipping fresh Arbutus and fragrant Thyme,
Fearless of prowling wolf or venom'd snake,
While from Ustica's vale profound
From polished rocks the Wood-God's pipes resound.

The Gods protect me. They approve
My piety: my song they love.
Haste, Tyndaris, haste! partake my store

Of rural honours brimming o'er
From plenteous horn. This cool retreat
Shall guard thee from the Dogstar's heat.
Here that white hand the Teian lyre shall strike;
That sweet voice sing the old Greek melody
Of him, the wand'ring Prince beloved alike
By that true wife, Penelope,
And Circe glittering as a summer sea.

Tyndaris! 'neath the arching vine
Lift to thy lips the Lesbian wine
An innocent draught! Not here shall Mars
And Bacchus wage their custom'd wars;
Not here shall jealous Cyrus dare
To rend thy guiltless robe, or tear
The clinging garland from thy hair,

Ode I, 17 De Vere

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

"This Ode is wrote with such Politeness and Address, as cannot be too much admired," says Davidson.

The argument seems to be that the Poet who sings well, and, so to speak, righteously, is safe from harm. The thought may appear disconnected; but there is a theme, an incident and an aspiration.

Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipped with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,

Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

For as I strayed along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turned and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parched nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me, where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds oppress and withering tempests freeze
From shore to shore;

Place me beneath the sunbeams' fiercest glare,
On arid sands, no dwelling anywhere,
Still Lalage's sweet smile, sweet voice e'en there
I will adore.

Ode I, 22 Martin

*"Integer vitae scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis."*

The man upright of life and free from sin needs not the
javelins of the Moor.

TO VIRGIL

A LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF QUINCTILIAN

"There are some Persons whose Loss cannot be too much
regretted. But when that Loss is irreparable, we are under a
Necessity to have Recourse to Patience. Prudence demands

of us with Resignation to part with a Blessing which we can
no longer possess. Those are the Reflections which Horace
makes to Virgil on the Death of a common Friend." Davidson.

Why blush at grief, or its degree
For one so dear? Melpomene,
Do thou a mournful dirge inspire,
Thou! blest by Jove with voice and lyre.

Say—shall perpetual sleep enshroud
Quintilian with such truth endowed?
High-minded—and so honest he—
When shall we such another see?

By good men is he daily wept;
By none in deeper mem'ry kept
Than, Virgil, thee, who ask'st in vain
Quintilian from the Gods again.

For though a sweeter strain you drew,
Than woods from Orpheus ever knew,
By Hermes' rod once forced away,
The soul would ne'er rewarm his clay.

All prayers to move the Fates are vain,
Hermes will still the dead detain.
'Tis hard—yet what we can not cure,
We learn by patience to endure.

Ode I, 24 Ordranax

*"Durum: sed levius fit patientia,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas."*

The last two lines of the translation render this familiar
quotation admirably.

TO APOLLO: HORACE'S PRAYER

The poet here refers to several parts of Italy. Calabria is in the neighborhood of Naples, and Liris is one of the quiet rivers of Italy.

This is one of the few pieces in which Horace speaks of old age, and asks that it may be granted him with a sound mind, an honorable name, and a capacity still to enjoy music.

When, kneeling at Apollo's shrine
The bard from silver goblet pours
Libations due of votive wine,
What seeks he, what implores?

Not harvests from Sardinia's shore;
Not grateful herds that crop the lea
In hot Calabria; not a store
Of gold, and ivory;

Not those fair lands where slow and deep
Thro' meadows rich and pastures gay
Thy silent waters, Liris, creep
Eating the marge away.

Let him, to whom the Gods award
Calenian vineyards, prune the vine;
The merchant sell his balms and nard,
And drain the precious wine

From cups of gold; to Fortune dear
Because his laden argosy

Crosses, unshattered, thrice a-year
The storm-vexed Midland sea.

Ripe berries from the olive bough,
Mallows and endives, be my fare.
Son of Latona! Hear my vow;
Apollo, grant my prayer,

Health to enjoy the blessings sent
From heaven; a mind unclouded, strong;
A cheerful heart; a wise content;
An honoured age; and song.

Ode I, 31 De Vere

*"Precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem."*

The last stanza renders well these lines.

TO HIS LYRE

Horace refers to his priority in writing Latin lyrics. The Poet who first strung the lyre in the manner Horace imitates was Alcaeus, a Greek born on the island of Lesbos. He was also a sailor and a warrior, who anchored his ships and wrote poetry.

If ever, underneath the shade,
My careless fingers I have cast
Over thy strings and something played
A year or more to last,

Help me my Latin strain to pour,
O lyre, that first the Lesbian strung,

72 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Who his rocked galley to the shore
Would fasten while he sung

The Muses, Bacchus, Venus fair,
And him the boy who with her flies,
And Lycus with the deep black hair
And with the deep black eyes.

Aid me, when I invoke thee right,
O thou that Phoebus' glory art,
Thou givest to the gods delight
And sooth'st the weary heart.

Ode I, 32 Yardley

*"O, laborum
Dulce lenimen."*

O, beloved lightener of all my labors.

Horace here refers to his lyre, and not to his wife.

TO HIMSELF

Horace, impressed by some display of lightning, returns to his gods and acknowledges the power of the Almighty. Father Prout treats the Ode lightly; but the undertone is, in fact, serious and sincere.

I, whom the Gods had found a client,
Rarely with pious rites compliant,
At unbelief disposed to nibble,
And pleased with every sophist quibble—
I, who had deemed great Jove a phantom,
Now own my errors, and recant 'em!



STATUE OF HORACE, BY A. D'ORSI
STANDING IN THE PIAZZA ORAZIO IN VENOSA

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STANDING IN THE PIAZZA ORAZIO IN VENOSA

Have I not lived of late to witness,
Athwart a sky of passing brightness,
The God, upon his car of thunder,
Cleave the calm elements asunder?
And, through the firmament careering,
Level his bolts with aim unerring?

Then trembled Earth with sudden shiver;
Then quaked with fear each mount and river;
Stunned at the blow, Hell reeled a minute,
With all the darksome caves within it;
And Atlas seemed as he would totter
Beneath his load of land and water!

Yes! of a God I hail the guidance;
The proud are humbled at his biddance;
Fortune, his handmaid, now uplifting
Monarchs, and now the scepter shifting,
With equal proof his power evinces,
Whether she raise or ruin princes.

Ode I, 34 Mahoney

"Parcus Deorem cultor et infrequens."

A grudging and infrequent worshipper of the Gods.

"Valet ima summis

Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,

Obscura promens."

God can change the lowest to the highest, dethrone the
mighty and raise the obscure.

TO HIS VALET

"There is nothing remarkable in this Ode, either for its Subject or Composition. It is more like an extemporary Roundle than an Ode." Thus speaks Davidson. Yet hardly any Ode of Horace's has been translated and paraphrased by so many distinguished hands. Hartley Coleridge has given an excellent version, and Thackeray a charming paraphrase.

Nay, nay, my boy—'tis not for me,
This studious pomp of Eastern luxury;
Give me no various garlands—fine
With linden twine,
Nor seek, where latest lingering blows
The solitary rose.

Earnest I beg—add not with toilsome pain,
One far-sought blossom to the myrtle plain,
For sure, the fragrant myrtle bough
Looks seemliest on thy brow;
Nor me mis-seems, while, underneath the vine,
Close interweaved, I quaff the rosy wine.
Ode I, 38 Coleridge

THE SAME—PARAPHRASED

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrees and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster
And tipple my ale in the shade.

Ode I, 38 Thackeray

"*Persicos, odi, puer, apparatus.*"
"Boy, I detest all Persian fopperies," is Cowper's translation.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS

Horace was companion in arms with Pompey the Younger at the battle of Philippi. Now, after three years, an amnesty is granted and Pompey returns to Rome and his friends. Horace tells something of his experience in arms, and is willing to get as drunk as any Thracian on the occasion of greeting his oldest friend.

Often to the brink of time
Dragged down with me at Brutus' heel,
Who lets thee like thy fathers kneel
A Roman in the Roman's clime.

First of my friends, Pompeius? Oft
Our love-cups chased the lingering hours
The while we rested, wreathing flowers
On locks with spikenard sheen and soft.

Emathia's panic-stricken strife
With thee I shared, and cast aside
My targe where courage quailed, and pride
Lipped the vile dust and prayed for life.

Me from my foes Mercurius plucked,
 Clothing in cloud my trembling form;
 Thee backward to the central storm
 The draught of ebbing battle sucked.

Then feast great Jove, whose work it is:
 And since my laurels, too, are green,
 There rest thee, worn with service seen,
 And drain the wine-cask kept for this.

With restful Massic lulling grief
 Brim the bright goblets; pour me down
 The full shell's fragrance; speed the crown
 Of parsley fresh or myrtle leaf.

Venus, what monarch of the board
 Wilt send us? Deep shall be my draught
 As ever Thracian bacchant quaffed:
 Folly is sweet o'er friends restored!

Ode II, 7 Clark

"Recepto

Dulce mihi furere est amico."

'Tis sweet to me to indulge a bit when a friend returns.

TO MAECENAS

"Horace in this Ode, prays Maecenas, who was an invalid, no more to dispirit him by mournful and afflicting Discourses, declares that it would be impossible for him to survive him; and lastly, to remove gloomy Apprehensions, he proposes, that they shall each of them renew their Sacrifices to the Gods, in return for their Care and Goodness." Davidson.

There is pathos and sincerity in this Ode, such as Horace

does not often show. He makes here a prophecy which was fulfilled, for his death occurred only three weeks after that of Maecenas.

Why wilt thou worry me with that stale cry
 Foreboding ill? Neither the gods nor I
 Can suffer thee to die, dear friend:
 On whom my joy and hopes depend.
 If one half of my soul some Fate unkind
 Should seize, how could the other stay behind?
 No longer worthy love, a soul
 No more one smooth harmonious whole.
 The last long journey both at once we'll take:
 The solemn oath I swore, I will not break:
 Whene'er thou goest, I will go;
 Hand locked in hand, we'll face the foe.

Not the Chimaera's levin-laden breath,
 Not hundred-handed Gyas raised from death,
 From thee could sever me, for these
 Are Themis' and the Fates' decrees.
 I know not whether Libra's kindly power,
 Or Scorpio's hate beheld my natal hour,
 Or Capricorn, who baleful laves
 His lurid light in western waves.
 But in most wondrous sort our stars agree.
 From Saturn's dark design, but lately thee
 The succour of the god of light
 Preserved, and stayed the hurried flight
 Of Death; when all the theatre's glad crowd
 Thy coming hailed, and "Vivat" cried aloud
 Thrice over. I had surely died,

Had not the tree been turned aside
 By Faunus, who holds all us scribblers dear.
 Wherefore do thou for thanks a temple rear,
 And hecatombs of oxen slay:
 A lamb my humbler debt shall pay.

Ode II, 17 Martin

TO A MISER

This, says De Vere, is one of the most beautiful pieces of antiquity. Horace depicts his own simple life and attacks the avarice of the rich who were lawlessly encroaching on the rights of the poor. It is the only Ode in which he shows specifically his sympathy with the down-trodden.

Nor gold, nor ivory inlaid,
 Nor cedars from Hymettus torn,
 Nor Libyan marble colonnade,
 My humble home adorn.

No Spartan purples deftly wrought
 By client hands enrich my house;
 An heir unknown, I have not sought
 The wealth of Attalus.

Simple and true I share with all
 The treasures of a kindly mind;
 And in my cottage, poor and small,
 The great a welcome find.

I vex not Gods, or patron friend,
 For larger gifts, or ampler store;

My modest Sabine farm can lend
 All that I want, and more.

Day treads on day; year chases year;
 Succeeding moons are born to die;
 You, heedless of the tomb, uprear
 Your marble halls on high:

The waters that at Baiae's feet
 Their angry surges rolled of yore,
 Usurped by upstart walls, retreat,
 And wash those sands no more.

Your hand has dared to violate
 Old landmarks in its guilty rage,
 And clutched, with greed insatiate,
 The poor man's heritage.

From fireless hearths, unroofed abodes,
 The exiled sire, and wife, depart,
 Their tear-stained babes, and household Gods
 Close folded to their heart.

What halls the tyrant lord await?—
 The mansion of the nameless dead:—
 By equal law o'er mean and great
 Earth's ample arms are spread.

Not power, not craft, not proffered gold,
 From Orcus could Prometheus free:
 Tartarean glooms for ever hold
 The proud Pelopidae.

80 Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

Death grasps the strong, the rich, the wise,
The sons of kings, in bond secure:
Sought or unsought, Death hears the cries
Of th' overlaboured poor.

Ode II, 18 De Vere

"Nihil supra

Deos lacesso
Satis beatus unicus Sabinis."

I ask nothing more of the Gods, happy enough with my
little Sabine farm.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

This is one of the greatly praised and oft-translated Odes.
Horace declares Bandusia shall be one of the famous fountains
of the world through his song. The fountain was either near
his native village, Venusium, or his Sabine Farm at Licenza.
The sentiment of the first part of the poem is very pagan and
rather repulsive, but the finish atones for it.

O babbling Spring, than glass more clear,
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,
To-morrow shall a kid be thine
With swelled and spreading brows for sign,—
Sure sign!—of loves and battle near,
Child of the race that butt and rear!
Not less, alas! his life-blood dear
Shall tinge thy cold wave crystalline,
O babbling Spring!

Personal

81

Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer,—
The wandering flock. This verse of mine
Shall rank thee one with founts divine;

Men shall thy rock and tree revere,

O babbling Spring!

Ode III, 13 Dobson

THE SAME: ANOTHER VERSION

O Fountain of Bandusia!
Whence crystal waters flow,
With garlands gay and wine I'll pay
The sacrifice I owe;
A sportive kid with budding horns
I have, whose crimson blood
Anon shall dye and sanctify
Thy cool and babbling flood.

O Fountain of Bandusia!
The Dog-star's hateful spell
No evil brings into the springs
That from thy bosom well;
Here oxen, wearied by the plow,
The roving cattle here
Hasten in quest of certain rest,
And quaff thy gracious cheer.

O Fountain of Bandusia!
Ennobled shalt thou be,

For I shall sing the joys that spring
 Beneath yon ilex-tree.
 Yes, fountain of Bandusia,
 Posterity shall know
 The cooling brooks that from thy nooks
 Singing and dancing go.

Ode III, 13 E. Field

TO FAUNUS

Horace was fond of the God Pan or Faunus, and appeared to believe that the deity took kindly care of his estate. He asks him now to be propitious to his flock.

Fond wooer whom the Dryad flees,
 Across my realm of sunny leas
 Come, Faun, in blessing, part in peace,
 Nor harm my weanling fold,
 If kids I give each ended year,
 And brim the bowl to Venus dear;
 And many a fragrance for thy cheer
 Steam from thine altar old.

The herds are glad on pastures sweet,
 The village merry-makers meet,
 Idling with idle steers, to greet
 Thy dear December Nones:
 'Mid fearless lambs the grim wolves stray;
 Wild woods their wealth before thee lay;
 The delver dancing spurns the clay,
 The only foe he owns.

Ode III, 18 Clark

THE PRAYER:

*"Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
 Per meos fines et aprica rura
 Lenis incedas abeasque parvis
 Aequus alumnis."*

O Faunus, lover of the fleeing Nymphs, smile upon my borders and sunny fields as you wander thro' them, and depart with thoughts propitious to my growing plants.

HORACE'S APOSTROPHE TO HIS OWN FAME

I've reared a fame outlasting brass,
 Which in its more than kingly height
 Shall Egypt's Pyramids surpass,
 Unharm'd by countless seasons' flight.
 The wasting rain, the North wind's rage,
 On it shall leave no lasting trace,
 Nor shall it e'er grow dim with age,
 While time runs his unfinished race.
 Not all of me shall die. For Death,
 Though he should still my beating heart
 Takes but a fragment with my breath,
 And leaves untouched the greater part.
 My fame, by future ages still
 Shall be renewed from day to day,
 While up the Capitolian hill,
 Both Priest and Vestal take their way.
 Where Aufidus with rapid wave,
 Sweeps on, and drougthy Daunus rolls

A sluggish stream that scarce can lave
 The land of rustics he controls;
 Raised from my former low degree,
 All future nations shall rehearse
 The glorious union due to me,
 Of Latin with Aeolic verse.
 Then wear, Melpomene, with pride,
 The mien your merits high should bear,
 And weave, by willing fingers tied,
 The Delphian laurel in my hair.

Ode III, 30 Ordranax

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

I have built to myself a monument more enduring than bronze.

"Non omnis moriar."

I shall not altogether die.

*"Usque ego postera
 Crescam laude recens."*

My fame shall ever increase, and praises new shall ever be mine.

TO MELPOMENE

Horace declares he was not born for athletics, but for poetry, to which his immortality is entirely due.

He, on whose natal hour you glance
 A single smile with partial eyes,
 Melpomene, shall not advance
 A champion for th' Olympic prize,
 Nor drawn by steeds of manag'd pride,
 In Grecian car victorious ride.

Nor honour'd with the Delphic leaf,
 A wreath for high achievements wove,
 Shall he be shewn triumphant chief,
 Where stands the Capitol of Jove,
 As justly rais'd to such renown
 For bringing boastful tyrants down.

But pleasing streams, that flow before
 Fair Tibur's flow'ry-fertile land
 And bow'ring trees upon the shore
 Which in such seemly order stand,
 Shall form on that Eolic plan
 The bard, and magnify the man.

The world's metropolis has deign'd
 To place me with her darling care,
 Rome has my dignity maintain'd
 Amongst her bards my bays to wear;
 And hence it is against my verse
 The tooth of envy's not so fierce.

O mistress of the golden shell!
 Whose silence you command, or break;
 Thou that canst make the mute excel,
 And ev'n the sea-born reptiles speak;
 And, like the swan, if you apply
 Your touch, in charming accents die.

This is thy gift, and only thine,
 That, as I pass along, I hear—

"There goes the bard, whose sweet design
Made lyrics for the Roman ear."
If life or joy I hold or give,
By thee I please, by thee I live.

Ode IV, 3 Smart

"*Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.*"

That I breathe and give pleasure, if I do give pleasure, is due
to you, O Muse.

"*Monstror digito praetereuntium.*"

I am pointed out by the fingers of the passers by.

TO MAECENAS

Horace replies to a complaint from Maecenas, that he has not yet got that promised poem. His excuse is that he is in love with Phryne, or as he puts it, "A god, a god forbids me to finish my iambic." Other great poets have been in the same plight. Anacreon "wept his love upon the hollow lyre."

Mr. Way has caught the tune but not the words in the following lines. He prefixes to his translation this Explanation:

"The gods not having made Maecenas poetical, he could not be brought to understand that the fount of inspiration is not perennial. Horace, having to find some excuse for what is of Philistines accounted idleness, furnishes that which is most likely to be believed."

Why self-indulgent laziness should so completely steep
My senses in forgetfulness, and put the Muse to sleep,
As if, to slake a quenchless thirst that parched my
gullet dry,

I'd drunk a bumper sleeping-draught—you daily ask
me why.

O my loyal friend you'll be

With your "whys," the death of me!

Of course it is the God of Love who stops the Muse's
way.

The poems long begun,

Long promised, never done—

I cannot put the final polish on a single lay!

I'm not the first: Anacreon singed, they say, his
poet-wings

At Cupid's torch; and still the wail through all his
music rings

That thrilled of old along the chords that sobbed in
wood notes wild

His passion of despairing love for Samos' beauteous
child.

In like unhappy case

Are you: no fairer face,

I grant you, burnt the topless towers of Ilion long ago.

Happy man! A pert soubrette

Has caught me in her net;

And I'm wasting to a shadow—she has two strings
to her bow!

Epode XIV, Way

Love Songs
And Odes to his Mistresses

TO PYRRHA

Horace reproaches and bids adieu to a lady with whom he has had an experience. "Never did lover put more grace into his reproaches," says a critic.

We know nothing of Pyrrha, save through this poem.

What graceful boy, dripping with rich perfume
Wooes thee 'mong roses in some grotto's shade?

Pyrrha! for whom

Dost thou thy yellow tresses braid

In simple neatness artlessly arrayed?

Alas, how oft shall he who credulous dreams

That all is Truth that truthful seems,

Basks in thy sun, nor doubts that he alone

Shall ever call thy golden grace his own,

Heedless of treacherous gales, and love not tried,—

How oft bewail thy broken faith, and chide

The changeful Gods, and stare with wondering eye

On rough seas blackening 'neath a cloud-swept sky!

Most miserable they

Whom, falsely fair, thou glitterest to betray!

I, too, have hung on Neptune's hallowed shrine

My picture vowed, and garments dank with brine

To that all-powerful God whom winds and waves obey.

Ode I, 5 De Vere

"Simplex munditiis."

Plain in thy neatness.

"Miseri, quibus Intentata nites!"

Hapless are they to whom unproved thou seemest fair.

TO LYDIA

"The real Design of Horace in this Ode, is to reproach Lydia for suffering Sybaris, who had distinguished himself in manly Exercises, to live with her in Softness and Effeminacy;—and this he does in a very beautiful Manner." Davidson.

By all the gods, O Lydia,
How did you get the knack
Of making so domestical
The former agile Mack?

He used to be most militant
Patient of dust and sun,
He'd jump into cold Tiber's tanks
Soon as his game was done.

He was clever with the discus,
And when he threw the dart
The people often said, "this cus
Is really very smart."

He drove the fastest horses too,
And pulled the jagged bit;
When they attempted any tricks,
He simply would say "nit."

They once took brave Achilles,
And made of him a nurse,
But Lydia,—or Phyllis—
I fear you've done Mack worse.

Ode I, 8

THE SAME

Why, Lydia, why,
I pray by all the gods above,
Art so resolved that Sybaris should die,
And all for love?

Why doth he shun
The Campus Martius' sultry glare?
He that once recked of neither dust nor sun,
Why rides he there,

First of the brave,
Taming the Gallic steed no more?
Why doth he shrink from Tiber's yellow wave?
Why thus abhor

The wrestler's oil,
As 'twere from viper's tongue distilled?
Why do his arms no livid bruises soil,
He, once so skilled,

The disc or dart
Far, far beyond the mark to hurl?
And tell me, tell me, in what nook apart,
Like baby-girl,

Lurks the poor boy,
Veiling his manhood, as did Thetis' son,
To 'scape war's bloody clang, while fated Troy
Was yet undone?

Ode I, 8 Martin

TO CHLOE

This poor poem has been made charming by Dobson and most amusing by Field.

You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother
Through trackless woods. If spring-winds sigh
It vainly strives its fears to smother;—

Its trembling knees assail each other
When lizards stir the bramble dry;—
You shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

And yet no Libyan lion I,—
No ravening thing to rend another;
Lay by your tears, your tremors by—
A Husband's better than a brother;
Nor shun me, Chloe, wild and shy
As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

Ode I, 23 Dobson

A PARAPHRASE OF THE SAME, AFTER
CHAUCER

Syn that you, Chloe, to your moder sticken,
Maketh all ye yonge bacheloures full sicken;
Like as a lyttel deere you ben y-hiding
Whenas come lovers with theyre pityse chiding.
Sothly it ben faire to give up your moder
For to beare swete company with some oder;

Your moder ben well enow so farre shee goeth,
But that ben not farre enow, God knoweth;
Wherefore it ben sayed that foolysh ladyes
That marrye not shall leade an aype in Hadys;
But all that do with gode men wed full quicklye
When that they be on dead go to ye seints full sicklerly.

Ode I, 23 E. Field

TO LEUCONOE

"Horace, according to the Principles of his Philosophy, ridicules the Practice of consulting Fortune-tellers. The Piece contains a vast deal of good Sense, within the Compass of a few Verses," says Davidson.

Dobson has made of this poem a villanelle.

Seek not, O Maid, to know,
(Alas! unblest the trying!)
When thou and I must go.

No lore of stars can show
What shall be, vainly prying,
Seek not, O Maid, to know.

Will Jove long years bestow?—
Or is't with this one dying,
That thou and I must go;

Now,—when the great winds blow,
And waves the reef are plying?—
Seek not, O Maid, to know.

Rather let clear wine flow,
On no vain hope relying;
When thou and I must go

Lies dark;—then be it so.
 Now,—now, churl Time is flying;
 Seek not, O Maid, to know
 When thou and I must go.

Ode I, 11 Dobson

THE SAME, ANOTHER VERSION

It's wrong, I'm sure, for you and me,
 To worry, dear Leuconoe,
 About our lot—
 If sad, or not;
 'Tis better far to bear our pains,
 Nor let the summer storm and rains
 Lay any toll
 Upon the soul.
 Let's drink the wine our taste prefers,
 Forget exhaustion of the nerves,
 Our local ills
 And nervine pills;
 Snatch what we can from every day;
 At least we're here, if not to stay;
 Chill the champagne,
 Lest guests complain;
 E'en as we talk the moments fly—
 We'll spend them well, and then, good-by.

Ode I, 11

"Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero."
 Enjoy the present day and utterly distrust the morrow.

HORACE UPBRAIDS LYDIA

Horace here attacks his old sweetheart in a most ungallant manner. The Ode is not nice, but Martin has made it so.

Swains in numbers
 Break your slumbers,
 Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
 Ay, though at your casement nightly,
 Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
 By the dozen once ye held them.

Ever turning,
 Night and morning,
 Swung your door upon its hinges;
 Now, from dawn till evening's closing,
 Lone and desolate reposing,
 Not a soul its rest infringes.

Serenaders,
 Sweet invaders,
 Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
 Singing, "Lydia, art thou sleeping?
 Lonely watch thy love is keeping!
 Wake, oh wake, thou dear enchanter!"

Lorn and faded
 You, as they did,
 Woo, and in your turn are slighted;
 Worn and torn by passion's fret,

You, the pitiless coquette,
Waste by fires yourself have lighted,

Late relenting,
Left lamenting—

" Withered leaves strew wintry brooks!
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
Myrtles brown with dewdrops sparkling,
Best besem youth's glowing locks!"

Ode I, 25 Martin

TO VENUS, QUEEN OF CNIDOS

Come, Cnidian, Paphian Venus, come,
Thy well-beloved Cyprus spurn,
Haste, where for thee in Glycera's home
Sweet odours burn.

Bring too thy Cupid, glowing warm,
Graces and Nymphs, unzoned and free,
And Youth, that lacking thee lacks charm
And Mercury.

Ode I, 30 Conington

THE RECONCILIATION WITH LYDIA

HE

While I was Monarch of your Heart,
Crown'd with a Love where none had part,
Each Mortal did with Envy die;
No God but wish'd that he were I.

SHE

While you ador'd no Charms but mine,
And vow'd that they did all out-shine;
More celebrated was my Name,
Than that of the bright Grecian Dame.

HE

Chloe's the Saint that I implore,
Chloe's the Goddess I adore,
For whom to dye the Gods I pray'd,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Maid.

SHE

Amyntas is my Lover's Name,
For whom I burn with mutual Flame;
For whom I twice wou'd die with Joy,
If Fates wou'd spare the charming Boy.

HE

If I once more shou'd wear your Chain,
And take my Lydia back again;
If banish Chloe from my Breast,
That you might there for ever rest.

SHE

Tho' he is charming as a God,
Serene and gay, divinely good,
You rough as Billows raging high,
With you'd I chuse to live and die.

Ode III, 9 Roscommon

TO PHYLLIS

An Alban cask of summers nine,
 And parsley meet for chaplet twine,
 And ivy sprays,—thou art divine
 When ivy braids thy locks,—
 These gifts are here within my gate;
 The house is gay with gleaming plate;
 And altars vervain-wreathed await
 The blood of slaughtered flocks.
 And all is bustle; to and fro
 Each with her lad the lasses go;
 Its dusky curtain circling slow
 The flickering flame-tongue rocks.

But would'st thou know what pleasure bides
 Thine advent? These are April's Ides,
 What day the holy month divides
 Of Venus ocean-born.
 A day of worship and of mirth
 As might beseem our proper birth;
 Maecenas' every year on earth
 Begins this blessed morn.

Ode IV, 11 Clark

"*Minuentur atrae, Carmine curae.*"
 Song smoothes the wrinkled brow of care.

Invocations to Bacchus
And Songs of the Country and the Seasons

TO LUCIUS SESTIUS

"Though the subject of this Ode is common, Horace's manner of treating it is far from being so. A Gayety of Spirit under an Air of Seriousness appears thro' the whole." Davidson.

This is a poem to Spring. Spring began, according to the Roman Calendar, on February 7th, and the Festival of the Dead began on the 13th, ending with the Feralia on the 21st. Hence it does not seem incongruous that Horace should pass quickly from Nymphs and Graces to the Shades and the Mansions of Pluto. Lucius Sestius was a soldier with Horace under Brutus.

The western breeze is springing up, the ships are in the
bay,
And spring has brought a happy change as winter
melts away.
No more in stall or fire the herd or plowman finds
delight;
No longer with the biting frosts the open fields are
white.

Our Lady of Cythera now prepares to lead the
dance,
While from above the kindly moon gives an approving
glance;
The Nymphs and comely Graces join with Venus
and the choir,
And Vulcan's glowing fancy lightly turns to thoughts
of fire.

106 Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

Now it is time with myrtle green to crown the shining
pate,
And with the early blossoms of the spring to decorate;
To sacrifice to Faunus, on whose favor we rely,
A sprightly lamb, mayhap a kid, as he may specify.

Impartially the feet of Death at huts and castles strike;
The influenza carries off the rich and poor alike.
O Sestius, though blest you are beyond the common
run,
Life is too short to cherish e'en a distant hope begun.

The Shades and Pluto's mansion follow hard upon the
grip.
Once there you cannot throw the dice, nor taste the
wine you sip;
Nor look on blooming Lycidas, whose beauty you
commend,
To whom the girls will presently their courtesies extend.
Ode I, 4 R. M. Field

*"Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."*

Pale death, with impartial foot, strikes at the huts of the poor
and the palaces of the rich.

"Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam."

The short span of life forbids us to form plans for the distant
future.



*"Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres."*

ODE I, 4.

With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Cottage and the Palace Gate.

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TO M. PLANCUS.

"This Ode, the Verses of which are very fine, and therefore not less excellent than any of the former Odes," is Davidson's introduction. The reader here needs his geography. The cities first mentioned are all in Greece. Horace then brings the reader to Italy, and expresses his preference for Tibur, a suburb of Rome. Then follows advice to cheer up, with the illustrative Story of Teucer.

Plancus was a Roman general of varying fortune. He fought under Antony, but later went over to Augustus. He had been of help to Horace, and the poet wrote to cheer him, as he had recently suffered defeat at the hands of the Parthians.

Rhodes, Ephesus, or Mytilene,
Or Thessaly's fair valley,
Or Corinth, placed two gulfs atween,
Delphi, or Thebes, suggest the scene
Where some would choose to dally;
Others in praise of Athens launch,
And poets lyric
Grace, with Minerva's olive-branch,
Their panegyric.

To Juno's city some would roam—
Argos—of steeds productive;
In rich Mycenae make their home,
Or find Larissa pleasantome,
Or Sparta deem seductive;

Me, Tibur's grove charms more than all
 The brook's bright bosom,
 And o'er loud Anio's waterfall
 Fruit-trees in blossom.

Plancus! do blasts forever sweep
 Athwart the welkin rancoured?
 Friend! do the clouds forever weep?—
 Then cheer thee! and thy sorrows deep
 Drown in a flowing tankard!
 Whether "the camp! the field! the sword!"
 Be still thy motto,
 Or Tibur to thy choice afford
 A sheltered grotto.

When Teucer from his father's frown
 For exile parted,
 Wreathing his brow with poplar-crown,
 In wine he bade his comrades drown
 Their woes light-hearted;
 And thus he cried, Whate'er betide,
 Hope shall not leave me:
 The home a father hath denied
 Let Fortune give me!

Who doubts or dreads if Teucer lead?
 Hath not Apollo
 A new-found Salamis decreed,
 Old Fatherland shall supersede?
 Then fearless follow.

Ye who could bear ten years your share
 Of toil and slaughter,
 Drink! for our sail to-morrow's gale
 Wafts o'er the water.

Ode I, 7 Mahoney

"*Nil desperandum Teucro duce.*"

Nothing is hopeless, with Teucer as leader.

"*Nunc vino pellite curas:
 Cras ingens iterabimus aequor.*"

Now with wine chase away care to-morrow we will sail
 anew the boundless main.

TO THALIARCHUS

This is called a Winter Ode, and is supposed to have been written at the country house of Thaliarchus, which was in sight of Mt. Soracte. Congreve turned its few verses into a long poem of moderate merit. We print only the second and third of his four stanzas. The paraphrase by H. C. M. is better. We know nothing of Thaliarchus.

Diffusive Cold does the whole Earth invade,
 Like a Disease, through all its Veins 'tis spread,
 And each late living Stream is num'd and dead.
 Let's melt the frozen Hours, make warm the Air;
 Let cheerful Fires Sol's feeble Beams repair;
 Fill the large Bowl with sparkling Wine,
 Let's drink till our own Faces shine
 Till we like Suns appear,
 To light and warm the Hemisphere.

Wine can dispence to all both Light and Heat,
 They are with Wine incorporate:
 That pow'rful Juice, with which no Cold dares mix,
 Which still is fluid, and no Frost can fix:
 Let that but in abundance flow,
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
 'Tis Heav'n's Concern, and let it be
 The Care of Heaven still for me:
 These Winds which rend the Oaks and plough the
 Seas,
 Great Jove can, if he please,
 With one commanding Nod appease.

Seek not to know to-Morrow's Doom;
 That is not ours which is to come.
 The present Moment's all our store:
 The next, shou'd Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more:
 So all our Life is but one Instant Now.
 Look on each Day you've past
 To be a mighty Treasure won:
 And lay each Moment out in haste;
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon.
 Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepit Age will fly;
 Sweets that wanton i' th' Bosom of the Spring,
 In Winter's cold Embraces dye.

Ode I, 9 Congreve

TO THALIARCHUS, ANOTHER VERSION

This paraphrase appeared in a daily paper under the title
 "Horace's Ghost", and signed "H. C. M."

Helvellyn's height with snow is white,
 The forest branches bow and splinter;
 No ripple breaks the frozen lakes,
 Then shut my door on Cold and Winter.

On my hearth-dogs pile up the logs—
 Pile high, my boy; and down your throttle
 Right freely pour my "thirty-four,"
 And never spare the old man's bottle.

Leave all the rest to Him who best
 Knows how to still the roar of Ocean;
 To calm the wind in wildest mind,
 And hush the leaflet's lightest motion.

Fear not to stay upon the day,
 And count for gain each happy pleasure;
 Be not above the game of Love,
 And featly tread the Christmas measure.

Let blood run cold when life grows old,
 Stick now to skate and tennis-racquet,
 Till westward-ho the sun-wheels go,
 Then join the sports of frock and jacket.

When bright eyes smile, laugh back the while,
 And find the nook where Beauty lingers;
 Steal golden charm from rounded arm,
 Half-given, half-held, by fairy fingers.

Ode I, 9 H. C. M.

TO VARUS

"The Moral is the very soul of this Piece. In it the Poet recommends the moderate use of Wine," says Davidson.

Varus was a poet and friend of Horace and Virgil. "Father Prout" has made a lively "round" of the poem.

Since at Tivoli, Varus, you've fixed upon planting
 Round your villa enchanting,
 Of all trees, O my friend! let the vine be the first.

On no other condition will Jove lend assistance
 To keep at a distance
 Chagrin, and the cares that accompany thirst.

No one talks after wine about "battles" or "famine";
 But, if you examine,
 The praises of love and good living are rife.

Though once the Centaurs, 'mid potations too ample,
 Left a tragic example
 Of a banquet dishonoured by bloodshed and strife,

Far removed be such doings from us! Let the Thracians,
 Amid their libations,
 Confound all the limits of right and of wrong;

I never will join in their orgies unholy—
 I never will sully
 The rites that to ivy-crowned Bacchus belong.

Let Cybele silence her priesthood, and calm her
 Brass cymbals and clamor;
 Away with such outbursts, uproarious and vain!

Displays often followed by insolence mulish,
 And confidence foolish,
 To be seen through and through, like this glass that I
 drain.

Ode I, 18 Mahoney

"Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit."
 The gods make everything hard for those who do not drink.

TO HIS COMPANIONS—THE CAROUSAL

Horace proposes to his friends a banquet without quarrels; and he intersperses the function with what we now call "chaff". Nothing can surpass the good nature and dramatic ease of this Ode. Field's translation has some of the spirit, but is far away from the original. The last line is altogether his own.

In maudlin spite let Thracians fight
 Above their bowls of liquor;
 But such as we, when on a spree,
 Should never brawl and bicker!

These angry words and clashing swords
 Are quite *de trop*, I'm thinking;

Brace up, my boys, and hush your noise,
And drown your wrath in drinking.

Aha, 'tis fine,—this mellow wine
With which our host would dope us!
Now let us hear what pretty dear
Entangles him of Opus.

I see you blush,—nay, comrades hush!
Come, friend, though they despise you,
Tell me the name of that fair dame,—
Perchance I may advise you.

O wretched youth! and is it truth
You love that fickle lady?
I, doting dunce, courted her once;
Since when, she's reckoned shady!

Ode I, 27 E. Field

DE VERE'S VERSION OF THE SAME ODE

What! like a boisterous Thracian throng
Fight o'er the bowl whose ruby flush
Was meant for laughter, love, and song!
Cease your mad strife. Ye bring a blush
To Liber's brow. Mirth, wit, and wine,
And those encircling lights that shine
Upon our revels, ill accord
With Parthian spear or Median sword.
My comrades, hush those cries profane,
And press the festal couch again.

Slave, fill a goblet to the brink
With strong Falernian. Ere I drink
Tell me, Megilla's brother, say
What loving eyes have sped the dart
That pierced, but piercing blessed, thy heart?
Thou wilt not? Then I fling away
The cup unquaffed. Stay, on thy face
No tint of conscious shame I trace:

Whisper it, youth!—Ha! wretched boy,
Deserving of a worthier joy
What power divine, what wizard art,
From bonds so vile could loose thy heart?
Now the winged courser that of yore
The monster-slaying hero bore
Could snatch thee from this guilt, this shame,
Charybdis' cruel arms, Chimaera's poison flame.

Ode I, 27 De Vere

TO TELEPHUS - A DRINKING SONG

Horace urges Telephus to give up for once his dry genealogical and historical studies, and join in a banquet in honor of Murena,—not forgetting the ladies!

The kind who fell as patriots fall,
Brave Codrus' lineage you trace
From Inachus, and count the race
Of Aeacus
And hymn to us
The wars long waged by Ilium's holy wall.

But what the price of Chian is,
 And who will heat the bath aright,
 And who will bid us home to-night,
 And fix an hour
 To overpower
 These frosts Pelignian, not a word of this.

To crescent Dian, boy, fill up!
 Fill this to Midnight! This to thee,
 Augur Murena! Nine to three,
 Or three to nine
 Of sparkling wine
 Be fitly measured in the brimming cup.

The rapt bard calls for what will mate
 The number of the tuneful Nine;
 To quaff the undiluted wine,
 It were to flaw
 The Graces' law,
 Riot and strife the robeless sisters hate.

O rapture! O delirium!
 Why is the breathing music still
 The Bercynthian reed should fill?
 Or wherefore mute
 The liquid flute,
 There by the silent cithern hanging dumb?

No niggard bounty! Fill the air
 With roses! Let our maddening cheer

Ring loud on envious Lycus' ear,
 And gaily greet
 Our neighbor sweet;
 Dotard! he merits ill a wife so fair!

Sweet youth, pure Hesper's parallel,
 Crowned with bright clustering curls, see! see!
 She comes, as young and fair as thee,
 Thy Rhode;—ah!
 For Glycera

I waste away on fires unquenchable.

Ode III, 19 Clark

TO BACCHUS

Lonsdale and Lee say that this is the only one of Horace's Odes which may be said to be written in the dithyrambic manner. In it Horace, as one possessed with the frantic inspiration of the god, foretells that he will sing in glorious verse the praises of Augustus.

Whither through wastes unscanned by mortal eye
 Bear'st thou me, Bacchus; through what paths untrod?
 Evoe! spare me! spare thy votary
 Filled with the fierce, swift, spirit of the God.

From what deep cavern to the listening pines
 Great Caesar's anthemed triumph must I fling,
 And point his star amid celestial signs?—
 A portent strange, a mystery, I sing!

I wandered lost: a vision on me fell:
 A glory bursting from the broad-rimmed sun

118 Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

Smote with strong light the phantom-haunted dell:
Then thro' the reddening fir-stems distant shone

Green fields, and sparkling banks, and rivers deep.
Mine eyes were opened! motionless I gazed;
As some Bacchante starting from her sleep
On thunder-riven mountain stares amazed

At snow-clad plains of Thrace beneath her spread,
And Rhodope with all its barbarous horde,
And Hebrus foaming o'er his rocky bed.
Hear me, Lenaeon Bacchus! hear me, lord

Of Maenads, and the Naiad race whose floods
With mighty arms down rugged gorges bear
Uprooted oaks, the monarchs of the woods:
Lead on, resistless God! I know not fear:

Peril is sweet near thee, when o'er thy brow
The bleeding grape and glistening ivy twine.
Soft notes, and dulcet lays beseem not now;
I chant immortal Paeans, hymns divine.

Ode III, 25 De Vere

TO TORQUATUS

The snow, dissolved, no more is seen;
The fields and woods, behold, are green;
The changing year renews the plain;
The rivers know their banks again;
The sprightly Nymph and naked Grace
The mazy dance together trace;



"Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alium
Quae rapit hora diem."

ODE IV, 7.

The circling Hour that swiftly wings its Way
And in its flight consumes the smiling Day,
The Hour and Day and all the Various Year
Convince us nothing is Immortal here.

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The changing year's successive plan
Proclaims mortality to man.
Rough Winter's blasts to Spring give way ;
Spring yields to Summer's sovereign ray ;
Then Summer sinks in Autumn's reign ;
And Winter chills the world again.
Her losses soon the moon supplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies
Where Priam and his sons are laid,
Is nought but ashes, and a shade.

Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
Will rouse us in a morning more ?
What with your friend you nobly share,
At least you rescue from your heir.

Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
Or virtue, shall restore to earth,
Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
Diana calls to life in vain ;
Nor can the might of Theseus rend
The chains of Hell that hold his friend.

Ode IV, 7 S. Johnson

*" Nos, ubi decidimus,
Quo pater Aeneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus."*

When we descend where father Aeneas and rich Tullus and
Ancus are, we are but dust and a shadow.

ALPHIUS, A CITY BROKER, PRAISES A
COUNTRY LIFE.

This Ode is called a Master-Piece by the sympathetic Davidson, and even less kindly critics have spoken of it as "without equal in the whole range of literature". De Vere praises it as a valuable picture of Roman life in the country two thousand years ago. The writer of these praises is supposed to be a city business man, who after portraying the joys of rural life suddenly changes his mind and goes back to town.

The poem has been translated by Dryden; but we prefer and print here the old-fashioned work of Hawkins written some two hundred and seventy years ago. We add a clever paraphrase by Arthur S. Way. It is indeed closer to the original than a paraphrase; it is almost a real translation. We trust Mr. Way will pardon this liberty. We have been unable to find his address.

He happy is, who far from busie toyle
 (As elder Ages) tills the soyle
 His father left, with his owne Cattell, free
 From heart-enthraling usury.
 He is not mov'd, when warlik drums doe beat,
 Nor feares the angry Ocean's threat,
 He pleas, and suits abhorrs, and doth refuse
 The grace of mighty men to use.
 But either doth to tallest Poplar twine
 The tender off-springs of the vine:
 And lopping Branches off, which uselesse were,
 Graft those which better fruit may beare:
 Or viewth in some winding valley's maze,
 His wandering heards of Cattell graze.

Or, doth press'd honey in pure vessels keepe,
 Or sheare his wooll-o're-burnd sheepe.
 But when with mellow fruit ripe Autumne crown'd,
 His head upreareth from the ground;
 How he to taste the grafted Peare delights,
 And Grape, that with the purple fights,
 Which to Priapus as a gift redounds,
 Or old Sylvanus, God of Bounds.
 Now under aged Okes he houres doth passe,
 And now reposeth on the grasse.
 While from high bankes swift trembling waters glide,
 And Birds their warbling notes divide,
 Small streames on purling pibbles murmur keep,
 To summon soft and gentle sleep.
 But when lowd Jove doth winter's season send,
 And makes sharpe showers, and snowes descend,
 He, or the hardy Bore from place to place
 With fleet hounds into Toyles doth chace,
 Or, with light sticks doth slender nets display,
 Devouring Thrushes to bettay:
 Or els the fearfull Hare, and forraigne Crane,
 (His sports glad spoyles) in grins are ta'ne.
 Ah! who in thought, 'mongst such delights retaines
 Least sense, of lov'es perplexing paines?
 But if (in part) a modest wife direct
 The house, and children deare affect,
 As Sabine earst, or swift Apulian's dame
 Scorch'd with the rayes of Phoebus flame,
 Makes sacred fires with old dry wood to burne,
 'Gainst weary husband's wish'd returne:

And folding gladsome flocks in woven grates,
 Dryes up their dugs, which milke dilates;
 Then broaching new wines kept in vessels faire,
 An (unbought) Supper doth prepare:
 The Lucrine Oyster nor the Guilt-head bright,
 Nor Turbot more my tast delight,
 If winter, when lowd Eastern tempests rore,
 Drive such upon our Tirrhene shore:
 Th' Ionian Partrich, nor the Affrick bird,
 Such palate-pleasing taste afford,
 As when I am with th' unctuous Olive fed,
 From fruitfull branches gathered,
 Or when I meadow-loving sorrell get,
 And the health-giving mallow eat:
 A lambe on Terminus his feast that dies,
 Or Kid redeem'd, from wolfe's surprize.
 Among these dainties what content it yeelds,
 To see the fed-flocks leave the fields:
 To see the weary Ox with neck worne bare,
 Dragging the turned plough, and share:
 And toiling hinds (the plenteous household swarme)
 'Bout shining Lars to fit, and warme.
 This said, rich Alphius who money lends,
 To lead a Countrey life intends;
 And in the Ides his debts call'd in amaine,
 But in the Calends lent againe.

Epode II, Hawkins

WAY'S VERSION OF THE SAME EPODE

"A meditation on the pleasures of a country life, put into the mouth of a city man, who soon thinks better of it."

Oh, happy is he who, from business free—
 As they lived when the world began—
 With his team may toil on the old farm-soil,
 And he owes not any man,

 Nor is roused from his bed by the war-horn dread,
 Nor shudders at raging waves;
 But he shuns the crowd, and the thresholds proud
 Where lords look scorn on slaves.

 So the poplar's pride he weds to its bride,
 The blushing-clustered vine;
 And his glad heart swells, as in nestling dells
 He watches the roving kine:

 Or he prunes away the barren spray,
 And he grafts the fruitful there;
 Or his brown jars foam with the gold from the comb,
 Or the shorn lambs know his care.

 Or when, apple-crowned, smiles Autumn round
 On field and flame-touched wood,
 Choice pears from the tree he gathers with glee,
 And the clusters purple-hued—

 Fair gifts to bring to the Garden-king,
 Or thee, O Landmark-lord!
 Lo, now lies he 'neath the old oak-tree,
 And anon on the velvet sward,

 While the streamlet's flow aye murmurs low,
 And the culvers softly coo,

124 Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

And a fountain's spray, heard far away,
Drifts down in slumber-dew.

The Thunder-king to the year may bring
Drear gifts of snow and rain:
But the forest resounds with the bay of his hounds,
And the shout when the boar is slain.

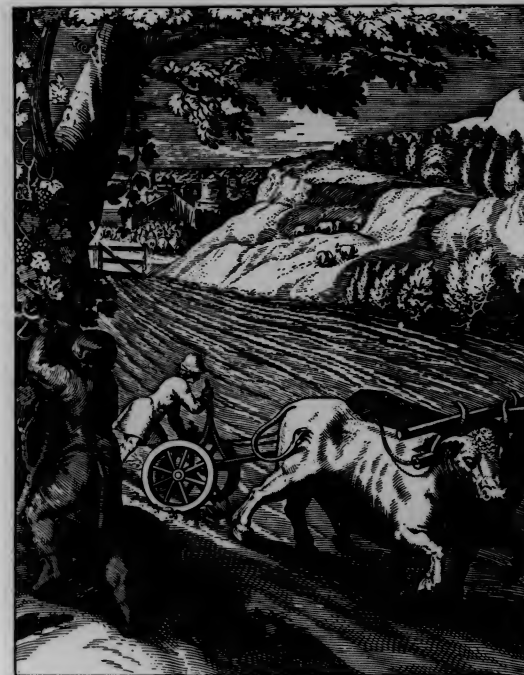
Or he cunningly sets the filmy nets
The thievish thrush to snare;
And the outland crane in the springe is ta'en—
Rich prize!—or the trembling hare.

No torturing fire of unhallowed desire
Mid these sweet scenes may come,
Let a dear chaste wife but crown my life,
With babes, in the happy home,—

A rustic Grace, with a sunburnt face,
Like the bride of a mountaineer,—
To pile up high the faggots dry
When my weary feet draw near,

And to fill white-foaming pails in the gloaming,
And to fold the sheep and the kine,
And my board to spread with the unbought bread
And the sweet new country wine.

No turbot for me, nor the spoil of the sea
That swells the fisherman's store
When the wild wind raves o'er the Eastern waves,
And sweeps the shoals to shore!



"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus excercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore."

EPODE 2.

Happy the man inured to toil
Whose oxen plough the ancestral soil,
Frugal like men of old and free
From sordid cares and usury.

124 Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus

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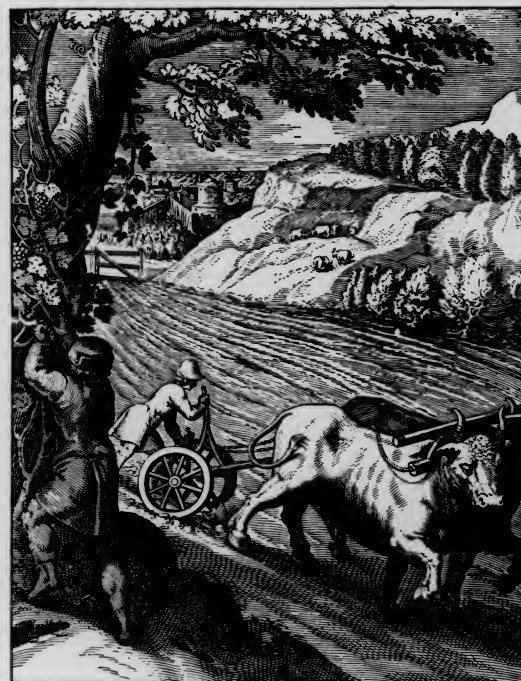
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Whose oxen plough the ancestral soil,
Frugal like men of old and free
From sordid cares and usury.

Not Afric's pheasant hath flavour pleasant
For me, nor Asia's grouse.
Ah, give me rather than the olives I gather
From the trees around my house,

And the sorrel that's found in the green meads round,
And the wholesome pottage of mallows,
Or the kid that I saved when the wolf I braved,
Or the lamb that the feast-day hallows.

So in peaceful bliss o'er fare like this
I watch the sheep stray home,
Or, trailing the plough that's idle now,
The weary oxen come.

And the maids and the men to their supper then
Pass in with cheerful face;
And in they troop, till a goodly group
Is round the faggots' blaze.

So to settle down, far, far from the town,
He gathered his debts together,
On the wing to fly. A week passed by:
He was stock-jobbing harder than ever!

Epode II. Way

TO HIS FRIENDS: A DRINKING SONG

With storm and wrack the sky is black, and sleet and
dashing rain
With all the gathered streams of heaven are deluging
the plain;

126 *Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus*

Now roars the sea, the forests roar with the shrill north
wind of Thrace,
Then let us snatch the hour, my friends, the hour that
flies apace,
Whilst yet the bloom is on our cheeks, and rightfully
we may
With song and jest and jollity keep wrinkled age at
bay!
Bring forth a jar of lordly wine, whose years my own
can mate,
Its ruby juices stained the vats in Torquatus' consul-
ate!
No word of anything that's sad; whate'er may be
amiss
The Gods belike will change to some vicissitude of
bliss!
With Achaemenian nard bedew our locks, and troubles
dire
Subdue to rest in every breast with the Cyllenian lyre!
So to his peerless pupil once the noble Centaur sang;
"Invincible, yet mortal, who from goddess Thetis
sprang,
Thee waits Assaracus's realm, where arrowy Simois
glides,
That realm which chill Scamander's rill with scanty
stream divides,
Whence never more shalt thou return,—the Parcae so
decree,
Nor shall thy blue-eyed mother home again e'er carry
thee.

Invocations to Bacchus 127

Then chase with wine and song divine each grief and
trouble there,
The sweetest, surest antidotes of beauty-marring
care!"

Epode XIII, Martin

Horace's Stories

HORACE'S STORIES

Horace loved to illustrate his arguments and his philosophy with stories. These are usually short and often taken from older sources. His story of Opimius the miser, and that of the lawyer and auctioneer are agreeable and moral tales. One of his Satires, the Bore, relates a personal incident, and is the most modern and amusing of all his writings. Horace is not averse to making fun of the ancient heroes. He uses, for example, the incident of Ulysses and the Theban prophet Tiresias whom the former met in his descent to Hades. Sat. II, 5. The prophet tells Ulysses how "to get rich quick" when he returns home. Horace here furnishes good material for the libretto of a modern comic opera.

His stories are short and well told, but rather monotonous in moral.

THE PARANOIAC WHO DID NOT WISH TO BE CURED

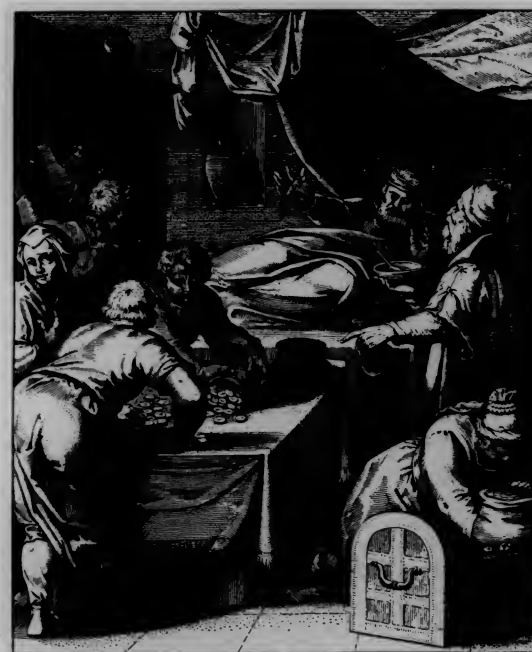
There lived at Argos a man of no mean Rank, who imagined he was hearing some rare Tragedians, to whom he sat listening with rapturous applauses in the empty Theatre; who, however, could discharge the other Duties of Life with just enough Decorum; a truly honest Neighbour; a Man of amiable Hospitality, kind to his Wife, capable of forgiving his Slaves, and, tho' a Bottle was unseal'd, would not always

rave: No such Fool but that he could shun a Precipice, or an open Well: This Man, whose Cure was effected at the Expend and Care of his Relations, so, soon as he expelled the Disease by unmix'd Hellebore, and returned to himself: "Ah me! my Friend," says he, "you have undone, not cured me, to rob me thus of Pleasure, and by Force bereave me of a most sweet Delusion."

Epist. II, 2 Davidson

THE SOLDIER WHO WAS BRAVE ONLY WHEN
HE WAS POOR

A Soldier of Lucullus's Army, having run through a great many Hardships to get a little Money together, happened to be robbed of it to a Penny, as he lay fast asleep in the Night, quite fatigu'd; whereupon, like a ravening Wolf, fierce with Famine, and enraged both against himself and the Enemy, he drove one of the King's Garrison's from a Post which, as they say, was exceedingly fortified, and richly stored with Booty. Having signalized himself by this Action, he is crown'd with Rewards of Honour, and receives twenty thousand Sesterces besides. It happened about this Time, that his General, having a mind to batter down some Fort or other, began to address the same Soldier, in Terms that might have inspired even a Coward with Courage: "Go," said he, "my Champion, where your Valour calls you; go in a happy Hour, to reap the ample Recompence of Merit. Why do you demur?" To



"Agedum, sume hoc ptisanarium orizae."
"Quanti emtae?" "Parvo." "Quanti ergo?" "Octussibus." "Eheu!
Quid refert, morbo an furtis, pereamve rapinis?"

SAT. II, 3.

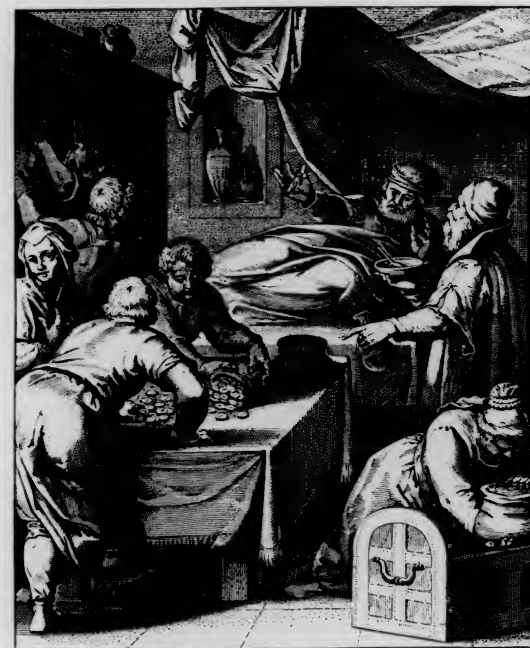
"Take this Elixir, come, 'twill do you good."
"First tell me what it costs." "The price is small."
"How much, I ask?" "One shilling, that is all."
"A shilling! 'S death, if ruin must ensue
What matter if by death, disease, or you?"

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which he made this arch tho' blunt Reply: "Let him go, good General, let him go on the Attack you design, who has lost his Purse."

Epist. II, 2 Davidson

THE SICK MISER AND THE FAITHFUL PHYSICIAN

Horace in one of his Satires dwells upon the follies of men, and particularly upon avarice and covetousness. He would give to the avaricious the largest dose of Hellebore, which was the drug in his time esteemed a specific for insanity. "Danda est hellebori multo pars maxima avaris."

He tells, to illustrate his sermon, the following:

Opimius, poor amid his hoarded coin,
Who quaff'd on common days the lees of wine,
And thought it much on festivals to share
Poor Veian wine in cheap Campanian ware,
So deep a lethargy once chanced to seize
That his glad heirs assail'd the chests and keys.
The doctor, an expert and skilful man,
To rouse his patient tried the following plan:
Large bags of gold were emptied on the floor,
And friends employ'd to come and count it o'er.
All things prepar'd, he raised the sick man's head,
And pointing where the glittering heaps were spread,
"Arise," he cried; "your greedy heirs will take
All your effects, unless you watch and wake.
Look! they commence their plunder even now!"
"What; ere I die!" "Then wake and live." "But
how?"
"Your fainting stomach needs some strength'ning food,

Take this elixir; come, 'twill do you good."
 "First tell me what it costs." "The price is small."
 "How much, I ask?" "One shilling; that is all."
 "A shilling! 'sdeath, if ruin must ensue,
 What matter if by theft, disease, or you?"

Sat. II, 3 Creech

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

This story is told by a guest at one of Horace's dinner parties.

The country mouse is described as "asper, et attentus quæsit," sharp and watchful over what he had acquired; but, meeting an old friend he "ut tamen arctum solveret hospitii animum," nevertheless opened his narrow soul to hospitality.

If some one have cried up to us
 Arellius' wealth, forgetting how
 Much care it costs him, "Look you now,
 Once on a time," he will begin,
 "A country mouse received within
 His rugged cave a city brother,
 As one old comrade would another.
 'A frugal mouse upon the whole,
 But loved his friend, and had a soul,
 And could be free and open-handed,
 When hospitality demanded.
 In brief, he did not spare his hoard
 Of corn and pease, long coyly stored;
 Raisins he brought, and scraps, to boot,
 Half-gnawed, of bacon, which he put
 With his own mouth before his guest,
 In hopes, by offering his best

In such variety, he might
 Persuade him to an appetite.
 But still the cit, with languid eye,
 Just picked a bit, then put it by;
 Which with dismay the rustic saw,
 As, stretched upon some stubbly straw,
 He munched at bran and common grits,
 Not venturing on the dainty bits.
 At length the town mouse; "What," says he,
 "My good friend, can the pleasure be,
 Of grubbing here, on the backbone
 Of a great crag with trees o'ergrown?
 Who'd not to these wild woods prefer
 The city, with its crowds and stir?
 Then come with me to town; you'll ne'er
 Regret the hour that took you there.
 All earthly things draw mortal breath;
 Nor great nor little can from death
 Escape, and therefore, friend, be gay,
 Enjoy life's good things while you may,
 Remembering how brief the space
 Allowed to you in any case."

His words strike home; and, light of heart,
 Behold him with our rustic start,
 Timing their journey, so they might
 Reach town beneath the cloud of night,
 Which was at its high noon, when they
 To a rich mansion found their way,
 Where shining ivory couches vied
 With coverlets in purple dyed,

And where in baskets were amassed
The wrecks of a superb repast,
Which some few hours before had closed.
There, having first his friend disposed
Upon a purple tissue, straight
The city mouse begins to wait
With scraps upon his country brother,
Each scrap more dainty than another,
And all a servant's duty proffers,
First tasting everything he offers.

The guest, reclining there in state,
Rejoices in his altered fate,
O'er each fresh tidbit smacks his lips,
And breaks into the merriest quips,
When suddenly a banging door
Shakes host and guest into the floor.
From room to room they rush aghast,
And almost drop down dead at last,
When loud through all the house resounds
The deep bay of Molossian hounds.

"Ho!" cries the country mouse, "this kind
Of life is not for me, I find.
Give me my woods and cavern! There
At least I'm safe! And though both spare
And poor my food may be, rebel
I never will; so, fare ye well!"

"Haud mihi vita Est opus hac."

No city life for me.

Sat. II, 6 Martin

PHILIP THE RICH LAWYER AND VULTEIUS
THE POOR AUCTIONEER

Philip, the famous counsel, on a day—
A burly man and wilful in his way—
From court returning, somewhere about two,
And grumbling, for his years were far from few,
That the Carinae were so distant, though
But from the Forum half a mile or so,
Descried a fellow in a barber's booth,
All by himself, his chin fresh shaved and smooth,
Trimming his nails, and with the easy air
Of one uncumbered by a wish or care.
"Demetrius!"—'twas his page, a boy of tact,
In comprehension swift, and swift in act,—
"Go, ascertain his rank, name, fortune; track
His father, patron!" In a trice he's back.
"An auction-crier, Vulteius Mena, sir,
Means poor enough, no spot on character,
Good or to work or idle, get or spend,
Has his own house, delights to see a friend,
Fond of the play, and sure, when work is done,
Of those who crowd the Campus to make one."
"I'd like to hear all from himself. Away,
Bid him come dine with me—at once—to-day!"

Mena some trick in the request divines,
Turns it all ways, then civilly declines.
"What! Says me nay?" "Tis even so, sir. Why?
Can't say. Dislikes you, or, more likely, shy."

Next morning Philip searches Mena out,
 And finds him vending to a rabble rout
 Old crazy lumber, frippery of the worst,
 And with all courtesy salutes him first.
 Mena pleads occupation, ties of trade,
 His service else he would by dawn have paid
 At Philip's house,—was grieved to think, that how
 He should have failed to notice him till now.
 "On one condition I accept your plea.
 You come this afternoon, and dine with me."
 "Yours to command." "Be there, then, sharp at
 four!

Now go, work hard, and make your little more!"

At dinner Mena rattled on, expressed
 Whate'er came uppermost, then home to rest.
 The hook was baited craftily, and when
 The fish came nibbling ever and again,
 At morn a client, and, when asked to dine,
 Not now at all in humour to decline,
 Philip himself one holiday drove him down,
 To see his villa some few miles from town.
 Mena keeps praising up, the whole way there,
 The Sabine country and the Sabine air;
 So Philip sees his fish is fairly caught,
 And smiles with inward triumph at the thought.

Resolved at any price to have his whim,—
 For that is best of all repose to him,—
 Seven hundred pounds he gives him there and then,
 Proffers on easy terms as much again,
 And so persuades him, that, with tastes like his,

He ought to buy a farm;—so bought it is.

Not to detain you longer than enough,
 The dapper cit becomes a farmer bluff,
 Talks drains and subsoils, ever on the strain
 Grows lean, and ages with the lust of gain.
 But when his sheep are stolen, when murrains smite
 His goats, and his best crops are killed with blight,
 When at the plough his oxen drop down dead,
 Stung with his losses, up one night from bed
 He springs, and on a cart-horse makes his way,
 All wrath, to Philip's house, by break of day.

"How's this?" cries Philip, seeing him unshorn
 And shabby. "Why, Vulteius, you look worn.
 You work, methinks, too long upon the stretch."

"Oh, that's not it, my patron. Call me wretch!
 That is the only fitting name for me.

Oh, by thy Genius, by the gods that be
 Thy hearth's protectors, I beseech, implore,
 Give me, oh, give me back my life of yore."

If for the worse you find you've changed your place,
 Pause not to think, but straight your steps retrace.
 In every state the maxim still is true,
 On your own last take care to fit your shoe!

Epist. I, 7 Martin

"Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede, verum est."

So true it is that every one should adjust himself to his own
 capacity and condition.

"Parvum parva decent."

Modest ways are becoming to those of modest means.

THE LEAN FIELD MOUSE

Horace is willing to give up his fatness, rather than his freedom.

Through a small hole a field-mouse, lank and thin,
Had squeezed his way into a barley bin,
And, having fed to fatness on the grain,
Tried to get out, but tried and squeezed in vain.
"Friend," cried a weasel, loitering thereabout,
"Lean you went in, and lean you must get out."
Now, at my head if folks this story throw,
Whate'er I have I'm ready to forego;
I am not one, with forced meats in my throat,
Fine saws on poor men's dreamless sleep to quote.
Unless in soul as very air I'm free,
Not all the wealth of Araby for me.

You've oft-times praised the reverent, yet true
Devotion, which my heart has shown for you.
King, father, I have called you, nor been slack
In words of gratitude behind your back;
But even your bounties, if you care to try,
You'll find I can renounce without a sigh.
Not badly young Telemachus replied,
Ulysses' son, that man so sorely tried:
"No mettled steeds in Ithaca we want;
The ground is broken there, the herbage scant.
Let me, Atreides, then, thy gifts decline,
In thy hands they are better far than mine!"

Yes, little things fit little folks. In Rome
The Great I never feel myself at home.
Let me have Tibur, and its dreamful ease,
Or soft Tarentum's nerve-relaxing breeze.

Epist. I, 7 Martin

HORACE AND THE BORE

The following story is no doubt based upon a personal experience. It is certainly the most humorous thing in Horace or in all Roman literature. The Romans were not much given to humour, and even Horace's jokes and stories require a mellow mood for full appreciation; but it takes no excess of humorous sensibility to appreciate "The Bore". Maclean thinks it the most genial and characteristic of any of Horace's writings. It has been translated by Cowper; but he paraphrased and spoiled it. Canon Howes seems to have done it best.

A whole book has been written upon the *Sacra Via*. It was a street in Rome, about a mile in length, running from the Capitol to the Regia Domus and Temple of Vesta, full of the turns natural to a street which began, in the earliest days, as a simple path fitted to the inequalities of the ground it crossed; and was later diverted by buildings on or near it.

Along the Sacred Street I chanced to stray
Musing I know not what, as is my way,
And wholly wrapt in thought—when up there came
A fellow scarcely known to me by name:
Grasping my hand, "My dear friend, how d'ye do?
And pray," he cried, "how wags the world with
you?"

"I thank you, passing well, as times go now;
Your servant:—"And with that I made my bow.
But finding him still dangle at my sleeve
Without the slightest sign of taking leave,

I turn with cold civility and say—

"Anything further, Sir, with me to-day?"

—"Nay, truce with this reserve! it is but fit
We two were friends, since I'm a brother-wit."
Here some dull compliment I stammered out,
As, "That, Sir, recommends you much no doubt."

Vexed to the soul and dying to be gone,
I slacken now my pace, now hurry on;
And sometimes halt at once in full career,
Whispering some trifle in my lackey's ear.
But when he still stuck by me as before,—
Sweating with inward spleen at every pore,
Oh! how I longed to let my passion pass,
And sighed, Bolanus, for thy front of brass!

Meanwhile he keeps up one incessant chat
About the streets, the houses and all that:
Marking at last my silence—"Well," said he,
"Tis pretty plain you're anxious to get free:
But patience, darling Sir! so lately met—
Ods! I cannot think of parting yet.
Inform me, whither are your footsteps bound?"
"To see (but pray don't let me drag you round)
A friend of mine, who lies extremely ill
A mile beyond the bridge, or further still."
"Nay then, come on! I've nothing else to do;
And as to distance, what is that—with you!"

On hearing this, quite driven to despair,
Guess what my looks and what my feelings were!
Never did ass upon the public road,
When on his back he felt a double load,



THE VIA SACRA AND ARCH OF TITUS
AT THE PRESENT TIME

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AT THE PRESENT TIME

Hang both his ears so dismal and so blank.
"In me, Sir," he continues, "to be frank,
You know not what a friend you have in store:
Viscus and Varius will not charm you more.
For as to dancing, who with me can vie?
Or who can scribble verse so fast as I?
Again, in powers of voice so much I shine
Hermogenes himself might envy mine."

Here for a moment, puffed with self-applause,
He stopped; I took advantage of the pause:
"These toils will shorten, sure, your precious life;
Have you no loving mother, friend, or wife;
Who takes an interest in your fate?"—"Oh, no;
Thank heaven! they're all disposed of long ago."
"Good luck (thought I), by thee no longer vexed!"
So I, it seems, must be disposed of next:
Well, let me but at once resign my breath;
To die by inches thus were worse than death.
Now, now I see the doom approaching near,
Which once was told me by a gossip seer:
While yet a boy, the wrinkled beldam shook
Her urn, and, eyeing me with piteous look,
"Poor lad!" she cried, "no mischief shalt thou feel
Or from the poisoned bowl or hostile steel;
Nor pricking pleurisy, nor hectic cough,
Nor slow-consuming gout shall take thee off:
'Tis thy sad lot, when grown to man's estate,
To fall the victim of a puppy's prate:
Go, treasure in thy mind the truths I've sung,
And shun, if thou art wise, a chattering tongue."

At Vesta's temple we arrived at last;
 And now one quarter of the day was past—
 When by the greatest luck he had, I found,
 To stand a suit, and by the law was bound
 Either to answer to the charges brought,
 Or else to suffer judgment by default.
 "I'm sorry to detain you here," he cried;
 "But I might ask you just to step aside?"
 "You must excuse me; legs so cramped with gout
 As mine, I fear, could never stand it out:
 Then, may I perish if I've skill or taste
 For law; besides, you know I am in haste."—
 "Faith, now you make me doubtful what to do;
 Whether to sacrifice my cause or you."
 "Me, by all means, Sir!—me, I beg and pray."
 "Not for the world," cried he, and led the way.
 Convinced all further struggle was but vain,
 I follow like a captive in his train.
 "Well"—he begins afresh—"how stand you, Sir,
 In the good graces of our Minister?"—
 "His favourites are but few, and those select:
 Never was one more nice and circumspect."
 "Enough—In all such cases I'm the man
 To work my way! In short, to crown your plan,
 You need some second, master of his art,
 To act, d'ye see, a sort of under-part.
 Now what is easier?—Do but recommend
 Your humble servant to this noble friend;
 And, take my word, the coast we soon should clear,
 And you ere long monopolize his ear."

"Tush! matters go not there as you suppose;
 No roof is purer from intrigues like those:
 Think not, if such, and such surpass myself
 In wealth of wit, I'm laid upon the shelf:
 Each has his place assigned."—"Why, this is new
 And passing strange!"—"Yet not more strange than
 true."—
 "Gods! how you whet my wishes! well, I vow,
 I long to know him more than ever now."—
 —"Assail him then; the will is all you need;
 With prowess such as yours, you must succeed:
 He's not impregnable; but (what is worst)
 He knows it, and is therefore shy at first."
 "If that's his humour, trust me, I shall spare
 No kind of pains to win admittance there:
 I'll bribe his porter; if denied to-day,
 I'll not desist, but try some other way:
 I'll watch occasions—linger in his suite,
 Waylay, salute, huzzah him through the street.
 Nothing of consequence beneath the sun
 Without great labour ever yet was done."
 Thus he proceeded prattling without end,
 When—who should meet us but my worthy friend,
 Aristius Fuscus, one who knew the fop
 And all his humours: up he comes—we stop.
 "Whence now, good Sir, and whither bound?" he
 cries,
 And to like questions, put in turn, replies.
 In hopes he'd take the hint and draw me off,
 I twitch his listless sleeve—nod—wink—and cough.

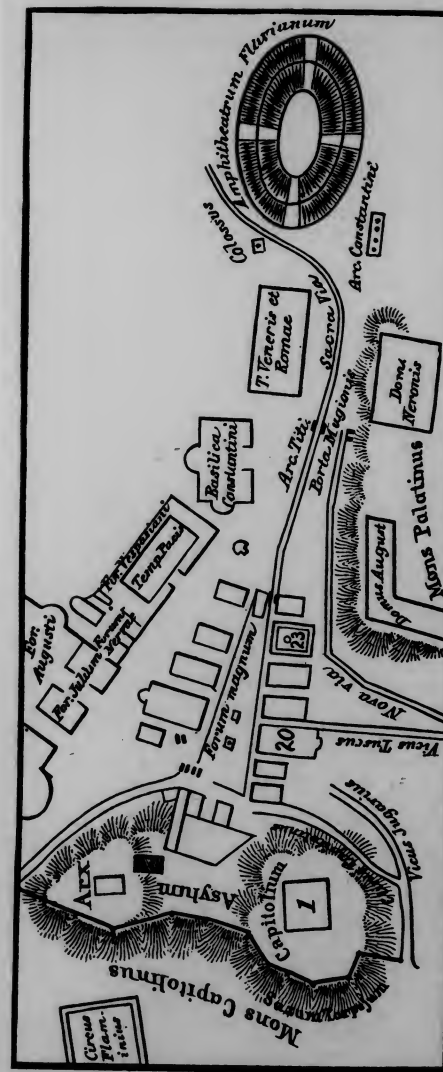
He, feigning ignorance what my signals mean,
With cruel waggery smiles:—I burn with spleen.

"Fuscus" (said I), "you mentioned t'other day
Something particular you wished to say
Betwixt ourselves."—"Perhaps I might: 'tis true:
But never mind; some other time will do:
This is the Jews' grand feast; and I suspect
You'd hardly like to spurn that holy sect."—
"Nay, for such scruples, 'troth I feel not any."—
"Well, but I do, and, like the vulgar many,
Am rather tender in such points as these:
So by and bye of that, Sir, if you please."—
Ah me! that e'er so dark a sun should rise!
Away the pitiless barbarian flies,
And leaves me baffled, half bereft of life,
All at the mercy of the ruthless knife.

With hue and cry the plaintiff comes at last;
"Soho there, sirrah! whither now so fast?"
"Sir"—he addressed me—"You'll bear witness
here?"

"Aye, that I will," quoth I, and turned my ear.
Anon he's dragged to court; on either side
Loud shouts ensue, and uproar lords it wide:
While I, amid the hurly-burly riot,
Thanks to Apollo's care! walk off in quiet.

Sat. I, 9 Howes



SACRA VIA: FROM AN OUTLINE MAP OF ROME IN THE FIRST CENTURY, A.D.
No. 1. TEMPLE OF JUPITER
No. 23. TEMPLE OF VESTA

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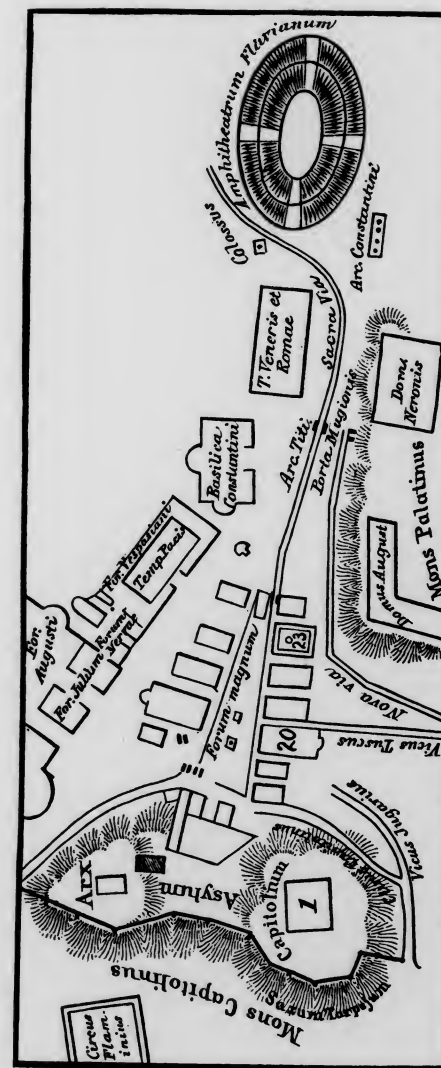
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THE STAG AND THE HORSE

Horace can not cease from moralizing on the wisdom of being contented with one's own lot, or from praising the liberty of poverty.

Once upon a time a stag, at antlers' point,
Expelled a horse h'd worsted, from the joint
Enjoyment of the pasture both had cropped:
Still, when he ventured near it rudely stopped,
The steed called in man's aid, and took the bit:
Thus backed, he charged the stag, and conquered it.
But woe the while! nor rider, bit, nor rein
Could he shake off, and be himself again.
So he, who, fearing poverty, hath sold
His freedom, better than uncounted gold,
Will bear a master and a master's laws,
And be a slave unto the end, because
He will not learn, what fits him most to know,
How far, discreetly used, small means will go.

Epist. I, 10 Martin

"Serviet aeternum, quia parvo nesciet uti."

He will be a slave forever, because he does not know how to make good use of a small store.



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